

THE CUPOLA



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Washington,
D. C.

June, 1933

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THE
CUPOLA



VOLUME XI

MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1933

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TO
Miss Cole
IN LOVING DEDICATION

*"But desire earnestly the greater gifts. And moreover
a most excellent way show I unto you."*



JEAN DEAN COLE

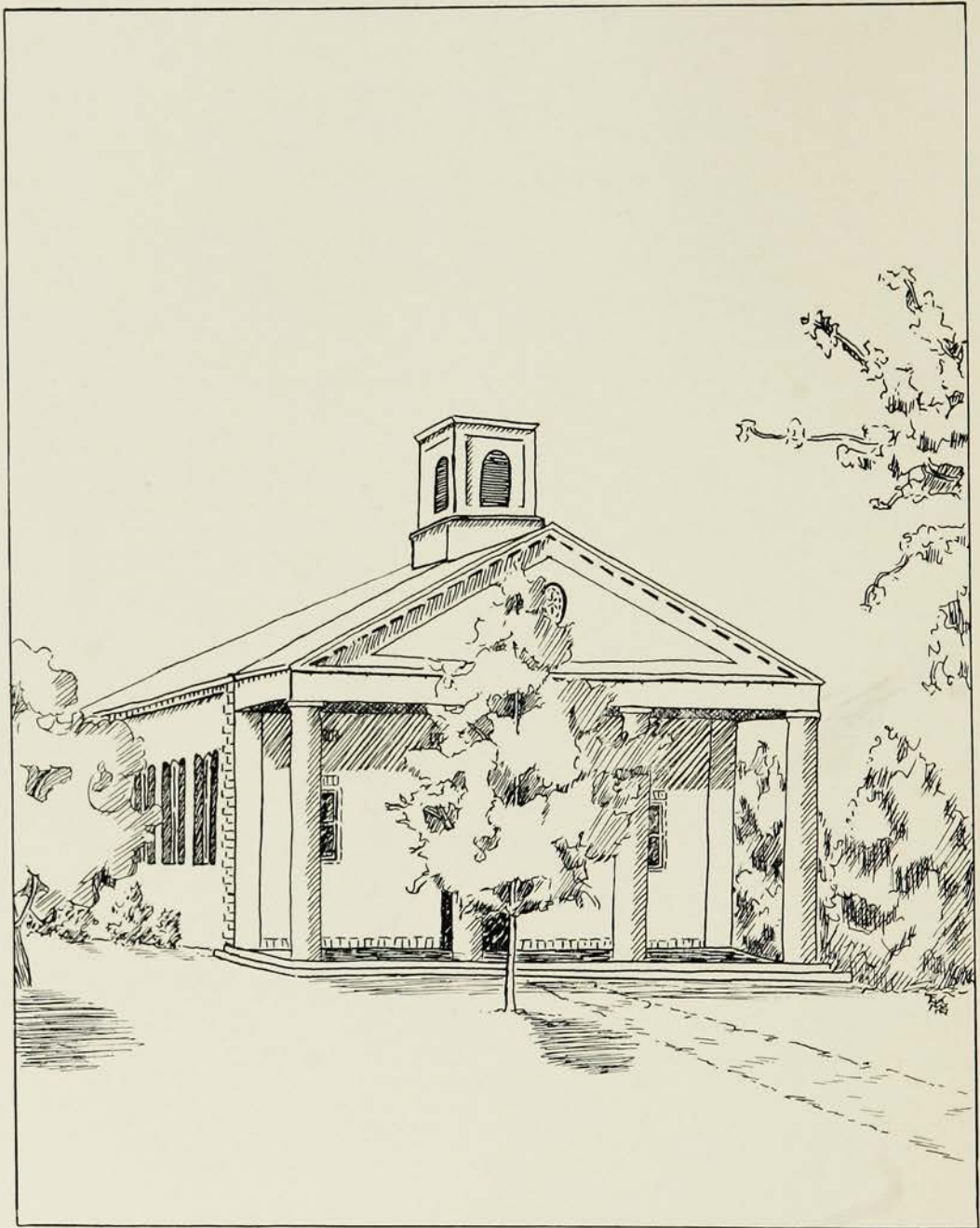


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Foreword

THE world to-day stands faced with an economic change. It confronts not only new economic values but new spiritual ones. For out of these years of disorder and destruction, we have come to realize the futility of the material, and the significance of the intangible. Intangible realities are the only enduring ones in life. How much better it is to own a sense of humor, courage and faith than a generous bank account!

Even though the depression has wrought immense hardships, it has taught the world a valuable lesson. It has proved the worthlessness of inflation. But out of every evil some good is born.

The greatest gift that a school of this kind bestows is to give a realization of spiritual values. Here, we have instilled in us the fine ideals which equip us better to cope with the problems of the world. So it is that we will hold dear in our memories the days spent at Mount Vernon Seminary, where we learned to strive for the best and worthiest in life.

—THE EDITOR

Alma Mater

Our Alma Mater glorious,
With loving hearts and proud,
We crown thee all victorious
And sing thy praise aloud.
In loyalty we serve thee
And strive to heed thy call,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Through self to conquer all.

You give unfailing kindness
If trouble meet us here;
You foster all our pleasures
And make them seem more dear.
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow
Can these fair days erase,
But they with each to-morrow
Help us new tasks to face.

Like breath of Spring's fresh morning
That lifts the heart to song,
When courage droops and wavers
And paths seem gray and long,
Will come thy dauntless spirit
To help us on the way.
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Hold fast thy tender sway.

The changing years may bring us
Some longed-for dream of bliss,
Yet memory will cherish
A sympathy we miss.
In hours of joy or sadness,
Whate'er our need may be,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Thy children turn to thee.



— ENTRANCE —

I am
 very
 happy
 to
 see
 you
 all
 again
 and
 hope
 you
 are
 all
 well
 and
 happy
 as
 ever
 Love
 Helen K. Myers

A very happy summer
 to all
 with
 much love
 Helen K. Myers

Caroline J. Robinson
 with all good wishes



THE FACULTY

Louise J. Merwin (find me?)
 S. E. Carroll (me too!)

The Cupola



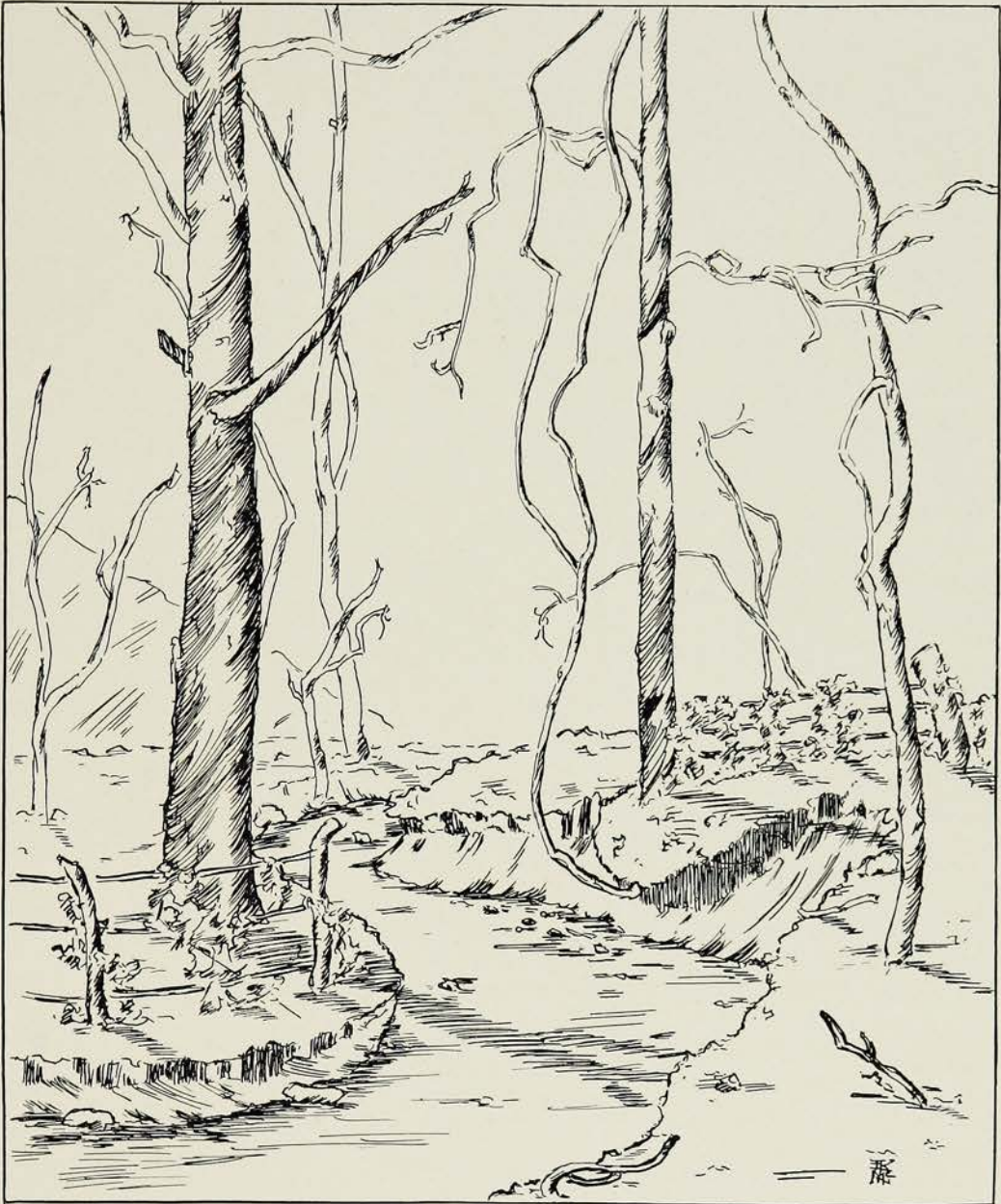
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The Cupola

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NETTA C. MURPHEY.....	<i>Director of Home Department</i>



CLASSES



The Senior Class



Colors—CARNELIAN AND GOLD

Motto—SURGERE TENTAMUS

CLASS SONG

We hail our Alma Mater, M. V. S.,
Whose firm and high ideals we'll always stress.
Hail those words of fame,
Vincit qui se vincit,
And so thy dear name evermore,
We'll idolize.
Let our motto be, "Surgere Tentamus,"
As we hail to thee, Pegasus,
We strive to rise.

To '33 our banners we're raising,
Proudly we bear the Carnelian and Gold;
We shall be faithful to the colors we're praising
Honor we'll bring to Carnelian and Gold.
Carnelian stands for loyalty always,
Gold for the glory of our M. V. S.
So as we follow the truths you have taught us,
We shall return, for your shelters we bless.

So we sing again, "Surgere Tentamus,"
Let the praises ring from our class to M. V. S.



BETTY FIELD.....*President*
 MARY HURD.....*Vice-President*

DORIS MASTERS.....*Secretary*
 KATHARINE THOMPSON.....*Treasurer*

MARGUERITE BEACH
 BARBARA BEAL
 BARBARA COBB
 VIRGINIA DANGLER
 MARION DUVAL

LUCY-JANE HEDBERG
 MARY LAUER
 HELEN SEARLE
 MARJORIE STREET
 JULIA STRAUSS

KATE THOMPSON



The Cupola



MARGUERITE BEACH

"Sis"

Riverside, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Honor Chevrons, '32
Secretary of the Student Body, '32
Chairman of the Privilege List Committee, '33
Student Council, '32, '33
Optima, '32, '33
Dress Committee, '32
Library Committee, '32
Treble Clef, '33
Choir, '33
Athletic Association Board, '32
Manager of Riding, '32
Class Hockey Team, '32
Dramatic Workshop, '32, '33
Junior Class Play, '32
Collegiate Play, '33

"LET them look down
On you, call you a clown
Let the great world neglect and forget you—who cares!
It does the same
To all its other benefactors."

DEBUREAU



Vice-President of the French Club,
'33

Junior and Senior Banquet Speaker,
'33

French Club, '32, '33

Dramatic Workshop, '32, '33

Junior Class Play, '32

Commencement Play, '32

Collegiate Play, '32

Junior Banquet Committee, '32

Senior Representative for Lend-A-
Hand, '32

Championship White Hockey Team,
'32

Proctor, '32



MARY BARBARA BEAL

"Barb"

Evanston, Illinois

TWO YEARS

"**Y**OUTH, Youth, what a strange, mad muddle
you make of things."

JUDITH BLISS—"Hay Fever"



The Cupola



BARBARA SMITH COBB

"Cobby"

Mansfield, Massachusetts

TWO YEARS

Optima, '33

President of the Dramatic Workshop,
'33

Dramatic Workshop, '32, '33

Treasurer of the Dramatic Workshop,
'32

Junior Play, '32

Collegiate Play, '33

CUPOLA Athletic Editor, '32

Proctor, '32

"I want to make power
for the world, too."

MAJOR BARBARA

The Cupola



*Best of love
and luck always
to you, Wavy-
Ginny*

Lend-A-Hand President, '32, '33
Optima, '32, '33
Treble Clef, '33
Dramatic Seminar, '32, '33
White Class Hockey Team, '30, '31,
'32, '33
White Class Basket-ball Team, '30,
'31, '32
Varsity Hockey Team, '33
Yellow and White Class Play, '30,
'31
Junior Play, '32
Collegiate Play, '33



VIRGINIA M. DANGLER

"Ginny"

Pasadena, California

FOUR YEARS

"THE stage is waiting, the audience is calling,
and up goes the curtain. Oh my public,
my little dears, come and foot it in the
forest, and tuck away your double chins."

MRS. PAGE—"Rosalind"



The Cupola



MARION DUVAL

"Mari"

Scarsdale, New York

FOUR YEARS

Editor-in-Chief of the CUPOLA, '33

Assistant Editor-in-Chief of the CUPOLA, '32

Publication Workshop, '33

Optima, '32, '33

Lend-A-Hand Junior Representative, '32

Junior and Senior Banquet Speaker, '32, '33

Music Seminar, '32

Junior Play, '32

Commencement Play, '32

Treble Clef, '30, '31, '32, '33

Choir, '30, '31, '32, '33

Varsity Hockey, '30, '31, '32

Championship Hockey Team, '30, '31, '32, '33

Try-outs for the All-Washington Hockey Team, '32

you strange boy
just had given me
a chance to really
know you. May you
live a
senior year
in your
days filled
with happiness
and we
appreciate
you

HOW persuasive are his words—how
charming will poverty be with him!"

LYDIA LANGUISH—"The Rivals"

The Cupola



Student Council, '32, '33
 President of the Senior Class, '33
 President of Optima, '32
 Optima, '31, '32, '33
 French Club, '32, '33
 Treble Clef, '30, '31, '32, '33
 Choir, '32, '33
 Dramatic Workshop, '32, '33
 Varsity Hockey, '30, '31, '32, '33
 Captain of the White Class Hockey,
 '30
 White Class Hockey, '30, '31, '32,
 '33
 White Class Basket-ball, '30, '31
 Athletic Editor of the CUPOLA, '31
 Junior Play, '32
 Commencement Play, '32
 Assistant Stage Manager, Yellow and
 White Class Play, '30
 "Prom" Committee, '32
 Regent of the M. V. S. Society, '32
 Lend-A-Hand Representative, '31
 Junior and Senior Banquet Speaker,
 '32, '33



BETTY FIELD

"Betty"

Rye, New York

FOUR YEARS

Best of luck and love
Mary dear. Keep up the
good work. *TEN* like me can stop him with God
Betty on our side."

JOAN OF ARC—"St. Joan"



The Cupola



LUCY JANE HEDBERG

"Luce"

Glencoe, Illinois

TWO YEARS

President of the Athletic Association,
'33

Student Council, '33

Member of A. A. Board, '32

Honor Chevron, '32

Vice-President of Lend-A-Hand, '32

Captain of the White Class Team, '32

Secretary of Field-House Seminar, '32

Captain of the Varsity Hockey Team,
'32

Commencement Play, '32

Collegiate Play, '33

Treasurer of Field-House Seminar, '33

Proctor, '33

Varsity Tennis Team, '32

Singles and Doubles Tennis Champion,
'33

Varsity Basket-ball Team, '32, '33

All-Washington Honorary Hockey
Team, '33

*Congratulations May
and may you
have as many successes
in the future as you've
had here, this year—
Love
Luce—*

WHY murder's the matter! Slaughter's the
matter! Killing's the matter!—but he
can tell you the perpendiculars."

MRS. MALAPROP—"The Rivals"



Vice-President of the Senior Class, '33
President of the French Club, '33
Honor Chevron, '32
French Club, '32, '33
President of Treble Clef, '33
Treble Clef, '32, '33
Choir, '32, '33
Treasurer of Music Seminar, '33
Music Seminar, '32, '33
Optima, '32, '33
Secretary of the Junior Class, '32
Christmas Play, '32
Library Committee, '32, '33



MARY PARKER HURD

"Mary"

Watertown, New York

TWO YEARS

*Mary dear,
I've loved all our minutes
together dear and I'm looking
forward so much to next
year when we can continue
our friendship.*

"FOR I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service."

VIOLA—"Twelfth Night"

Love

Mary



The Cupola



MARY LAUER

"Mary"

Omaha, Nebraska

THREE YEARS

Vice-President of Field House Board,
'33

Head Proctor, '33

Dress Committee, '31, '33

Privilege List Committee, '32, '33

Honor Chevron, '31

Assistant Business Manager of the
CUPOLA, '32

Tea House Seminar, '33

Choir, '31, '32, '33

Yellow Hockey Team, '31

Yellow Basket-ball Team, '31

White Class Hockey Team, '32, '33

White Class Basket-ball Team, '32

Commencement Play, '32

*Mary, I am one of the
many many who
think you are
simply grand.
It was up to Omaha
we were home with
always the spirit of you.
What a great time of love
Mary*

"GOOD night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be tomorrow."

JULIET—"Romeo and Juliet."



Optima, '33
Secretary of the Senior Class, '33
French Club, '33
Class Song Leader, '32, '33
Recording Secretary of the M. V. S.
Society, '32
Dramatic Seminar, '32
Secretary of Music Seminar, '33
Secretary and Treasurer of Treble Clef,
'32, '33
Choir, '32, '33
Athletic Association Board, '32, '33
Manager of Soccer, '32
Manager of Hockey, '33
Varsity Hockey Team, '33
Varsity Basket-ball Team, '33
White Class Hockey Team, '32, '33
White Class Basket-ball Team, '32
Stage Manager of the Junior Play, '32



DORIS MASTERS

"Doris"

South Orange, New Jersey

TWO YEARS

"WHAT, would you restrain
the freedom of speech?"

LADY TEAZLE—"School for Scandal."

*I will always remember
the Fourth Form supper at
shelter. It was such fun!
Good luck to you always, Thaisie!
Doris.*



The Cupola



HELEN SEARLE

"Searle"

Council Bluffs, Iowa

TWO YEARS

Honor Chevron, '32
 Mary Vareen Citizenship Cup, '32
 President of the Student Council, '33
 Treasurer of the Junior Class, '32
 Optima, '32, '33
 French Club, '32, '33
 Treble Clef, '32, '33
 Choir, '32, '33
 Privilege List Committee, '32, '33
 Music Seminar, '32
 Publications Workshop, '33
 Advertising Manager of CUPOLA, '33
 Assistant Advertising Manager of CUPOLA, '32
 Athletic Association Board, '32
 Basket-ball Manager, '32
 Junior Class Play, '32
 Varsity Hockey Team, '33
 White Hockey Team, '33
 Varsity Volley-ball Team, '32
 "Prom" Committee, '33

*Dearest Marjorie, words are
 far too inadequate to express
 some things. Nevertheless, I
 think you're one in a million.
 Loads of love always,
 "Searle."*

THE quality of mercy
 is not strained."

PORTIA—"The Merchant of Venice."

The Cupola



I don't want to say the same thing that everyone else - and I think you are able to understand more - We must remain friends Devotedly, Judy.



Optima, '31, '32, '33
 Secretary of Optima, '33
 Editor-in-Chief of the *Broadside*, '32
 Literary Editor of CUPOLA, '33
 Treble Clef, '31, '32
 Choir, '31, '32, '33
 Commencement Play, '32

JULIA ELIZABETH STRAUSS

"Judy"

New York, New York

THREE YEARS

"YES, that is life.
 And I—?"

JULIE—"Countess Julie."



The Cupola



MARJORIE R. STREET

"Marje"

Winnetka, Illinois

THREE YEARS

President of the Tea-House Board of Directors, '33

Tea-House Board of Directors, '32, '33

Vice-President of the Junior Class, '32

Athletic Association Board, '31, '32, '33

White Team Captain, '33

Chairman of the Walking Club, '32

Manager of Basket-ball, '31

Treble Clef, '31, '33

Choir, '31, '32, '33

Proctor, '32

Commencement Play, '32

Varsity Hockey, '31, '32, '33

Varsity Basket-ball, '31, '32, '33

Captain of Varsity Hockey, '33

Captain of Varsity Basket-ball, '32

White Class Hockey Team, '31, '32, '33

White Class Basket-ball Team, '31, '32

All-Washington Honorary Hockey Team, '31, '33

"HOW many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave, new world
That has such people in 't."

MIRANDA—"The Tempest."



all the luck and love
in the world next
year and always
nearby Dave.

Some
calie

President of Optima, '33
Optima, '32, '33
Business Manager of CUPOLA, '33
Student Council, '31, '32, '33
Dress Committee, '31, '32
President of the Junior Class, '32
Member of the Athletic Association
Board, '32
Treasurer of Lend-A-Hand, '30, '31
Golf Team, '30
Tea House Seminar, '32
Publications Workshop, '33



KATE THOMPSON

"Kate"

Perrysburg, Ohio

THREE YEARS

"TAKE care—That's my dangerous subject—
my feelings—my miserable, cowardly,
womanly feelings may be on your side, but
my conscience is on hers."

GLORIA—"You Never Can Tell."

*Old Always the picnic
remember the picnic
Wait for 2 boys*

The Cupola



KATHARINE W. THOMPSON

"Kat"

La Grange, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Publications Workshop, '32, '33

Photographic Editor of the CUPOLA,
'33

Treasurer of the Senior Class, '33

Optima, '32, '33

Assistant Editor of the *Broadside*, '32

Chairman of the "Prom" Committee,
'33

Treble Clef, '32, '33

Choir, '32, '33

Decoration Committee Junior and Sen-
ior Banquet, '32

Commencement Play, '32

Proctor, '32

"GOOD-MORROW, Kate; for that's your name I hear—
—They call me Katharine that do talk of me."

PETRUCHIO'S KATE—"The Taming of the Shrew."



SENIOR

OUR



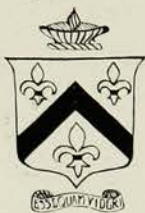
CLASS





Like you'll find me as a friend -
as I've had as a friend -
you're a great girl and I
love you very much
The Cupola

The Junior Class



Colors—SAPPHIRE BLUE AND GOLD

Motto—ESSE QUAM VIDERI

CLASS SONG

'Twas but a Vision long ago
Of one we all revere
But onward spread from old to new
With each successive year.
Now M. V. S. golden portals stand
For girls to come and go
Across the bridge of time's wide span
Her classes watch her grow.

Chorus

Blue of Sapphire before us,
Emblem to be true,
Friendships that we've made here,
Bind us fast to you.
Esse Quam Videri,
Shall our watchword be,
Thirty-four linked ever,
With Blue of loyalty.

We would your spirit ever hear
All through the years of life.
Your high ideals may we all share
In work or play or strife.
Deep in our hearts a memory fond
Will wake in future days
Our class with love shall e'er respond
To M. V. S. with praise.

Chorus

Many, dear, like often
admired you also
sharpest of them any
praise to your face.
I want you to know
I think you are an
of the perfect girls
the noblest of them.
Gladly.

My dear, dear,
 I'm mighty glad you will be
 a junior next year. We must get
 together - I have loads of fun.
 Until then - much love & luck,
 The Cupola Martha

So glad to hear your
 coming back next year -
 It will be fun being on campus
 to - gether. El Pearson



Best luck, and hope
 to see you back next
 year - truly

love and luck in a
 little space to one of the sweetest girls
 having fun both with us next
 year - lovingly
 Him -



Our leading person and to
 senior, you look as a junior - it's grand!
 Love - Mae

Wish you were going with me this summer - maybe
 sometime we can get together - home - "Bobbie"

BARBARA SINCERBEAUX President

ELEANOR PEARSON Secretary

ELINOR MCNEIR Vice-President

DOROTHY DEXTER Treasurer

FRANCES BURROW

MARY-ELLEN FIELD

JOSEPHINE BURROW

MARY MORTON GRANGER

ANNIE GRIGSBY CAMPBELL

DIANA HEARNE

CAROLINE CRANE

JULIA JENCKS

EPSIE DALLIS

DORIS KIMBALL

ELIZABETH DECKER

MARTHA NEUENSCHWANDER

MARY WILSON DICKY

SALLY SPITZER

FRANCES WITTE

Let's all get together
 and have a grand time
 this summer - it's grand!

Maigie dear,
 It has been awfully
 nice knowing you, and
 congratulations on your
 fine year.

Love,
 "Hue"

Thank you for the
 letter, will be
 glad to keep a few
 of them. Have to go
 to school. Love
 to you all.

Wait and hope and
 wait and hope and wait
 till you see me. Best
 love in the world.
 I'll be a junior next year.
 Give love to all.
 Love, Bobbie. Dorothy



The Cupola



REBEKAH ELTING

Class Adviser

Dear margo?
was so sweet
& know you hope
to see you in Chicago.
Class unite
lots of love
from

The White Class



Class Emblem

Class Song

White Class, we'll sing to you
With voices proud and true,
Loyalty firm as the skies,
And love that never dies.
M. V. S., the White Class.
When the days have passed
And we are no longer with you,

It's then we must prove
That we are true,
Dear class, just to you.
Would that we could sing,
And also tell thee in each line,
How out of joy and grief and hate
We gave our love for thine.

Life will hold many memories,
Days spent at M. V. S.
Dearest of them all,
Olden times recall.
M. V. S., the White Class.
We'll always be true
To our emblem purity,
And always, yes always,
To thee.

Base of luck always
Kate

It's been
great knowing ya
Hope to see you soon
Love - Mary Jo

The Cupola

3/30/30
10/1/30

Can't think
but just "Gads"
91002" Ginnie
Davis



Best luck, wishes, and
love, Marie

Don't you ever make
any more "Gads"
Love
Lippett

MURIEL STOKES.....President

EULA COUNCIL.....Secretary

MARIANNE HOOVER.....Vice-President

GRETCHEN ONDERDONK.....Treasurer

With love and admiration for you, Marjorie

Best Love!
Patsy

MARJORIE BAKER
MARY JO BEATTIE
ANNE BENTON
PATRICIA BORN
JEAN CLARK
BARBARA CLUTE
VIRGINIA DAVIS
BETTY COVODE DAVIS
SHIRLEY DOVE
FRANCES DODGE
FREDERICA GALBRAITH
JANE HARDER
MARGARET HECHT
PEGGY HILDRETH
ALICE HOWELL
DOROTHY HURD

JANE HUTCHINSON
RENATA INGRAHAM
RUTH JOHNSON
JEAN KELLOGG
MARY LIPPETT
MARY LUDINGTON
KATHLEEN MCCAREY
FLORENCE MARTINDALE
WANDA PIKE
LINDSEY POPE
FRANCES PRICE
EDMEE REISINGER
BETTY ROGERS
ANNE SHIRK
ELLIS SPRECKELS
JUSTINE WILKEN

RUTH WOODSON

Remember our
sweet wishes and
our careful lot of
sweet love,
Ruth

Which love for
Wanda Eula

Ever so much love,
Mary

May we see you soon
and see all yours and who else
I don't care about the other
you'll do, for me.



The Cupola



MARY PITMAN BROWN

Class Adviser

Mary Pitman Brown

The Yellow Class



Class Emblem

CLASS SONG

Lifting better up to best—
Our desire;
To be true to every test—
We aspire;
To be worthy of thy name,
Learn our lessons, ne'er complain,
Just to conquer self our aim—
Yellow Class, Yellow Class.

In thy sunshine, color, joy—
Yellow Class.
In thy gold be no alloy—
Yellow Class.
Our dear school with song we greet;
Sing its praises ever sweet;
M. V. S., thy name repeat—
M. V. S., M. V. S.

*Marge dear -
Will see you
next year I just
have to see you
summer - and
come see me!!
all my love,
May*

My dear - I'm so glad
you coming back. See
you next year. Best luck
and love, Peter

My dear
I'm so glad
you coming back.
See you next year.
Best luck and love,
Peter

The Cupola.

One of the nicest girls in school
wrote power to you. you certainly deserve it



Best always
wardi



To

From Her Friend Peggy

EDITH FERGUSON President BETTY GILBERT Secretary
KATHARINE ARMSTRONG. Vice-President DOROTHY CHAPIN Treasurer

ELEANOR BISSELL
IMOGENE BLISS
MURIEL BLOCH
MARDI BURNHAM
MIRIAM CANNON
MARY DAVIS
JEAN EVATT
PATRICIA FOWLER
BARBARA HARRIS
VALERIA HARRIS

RUTH HARRIS
PEGGY HILLIARD
RUTH PORTER
GRACE JOHNSTON
CATHARINE MCKANE
JEAN MARR
CYNTHIA MERRIMAN
ROSE MODISSETTE
KATHERINE PILLOT
ELEANOR VAN SCHAAK

HARRIET BELLE WALKER, Honorary Member

Goodbye to you Mary
have a grand time
together next year. I hope
can't tell you
how much I'll be
joyful knowing you, too

Hope to meet
you at the next
one - I'm sure
you'll be a
good one - see you
at the next one

Best luck and looking
forward to seeing
you next year
"Ellie"

Best of luck
to you
Mary
Ellie
Harris

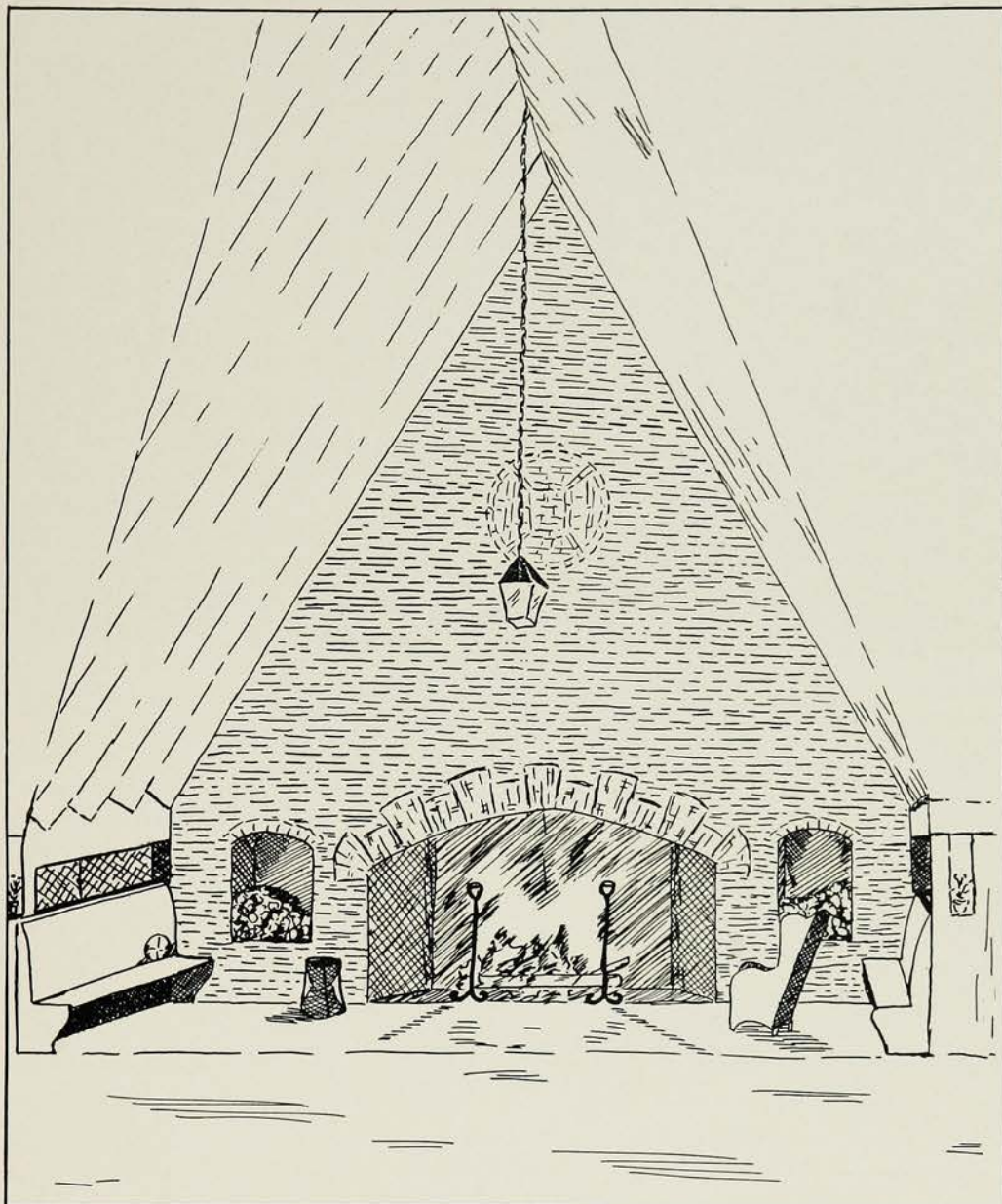
Margie darling—
 you've been more than I could wish
 in a quite mate. I wish I had really gotten
 to know you before I did. You've been a
 marvelous addition to the *The Cupola* and I
 have full intentions of carrying much to
 see you as Student Body President. Love always,
 "Edo"



Student Co-operative Government Council

JEAN DEAN COLE.....	Faculty Adviser
MARY PITMAN BROWN.....	Faculty Adviser
CATHERINE S. BLAKESLEE.....	Faculty Adviser
HELEN C. HASTINGS.....	Faculty Adviser
HELEN SEARLE.....	President
FRANCES BURROW.....	Secretary
KATE THOMPSON.....	President, Optima.....Secretary, Attendance
MARGUERITE BEACH.....	Chairman, Privilege List.....Secretary, Junior College Social Relations
BETTY FIELD.....	President, Senior Class.....Secretary, Order
BARBARA SINCERBEAUX.....	President, Junior Class.....Secretary, Health
EDITH FERGUSON.....	President, Yellow Class.....Secretary, Dress
MURIEL STOKES.....	President, White Class.....Secretary, Library
LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.....	President, Athletic Association.....Secretary, Promptness

THROUGH the need for greater efficiency in conducting the work of the Council, eight portfolios have been established this year. Secretarial supervision is given over to the Dress, Library, Order, Promptness, Records and Correspondence, Health, Attendance, and Junior College Social Relations.



SEMINARS

With the pleasantest memories of a class that stretched from Newburgh
to Eden St. Vincent Millery -

Affectionately

Agnes De Lano.

The Cupola



Publications Workshop

AGNES DE LANO.....	Faculty Adviser
MILDRED HANNA.....	Faculty Adviser
CORRINE LEINO.....	Faculty Adviser
MARION DUVAL.....	Editor-in-Chief
JULIA STRAUSS.....	Literary Editor
KATE THOMPSON.....	Business Manager
KATHARINE THOMPSON.....	Photographic Editor
HELEN SEARLE.....	Advertising Manager
ELINOR MCNEIR.....	Art Editor
JOSEPHINE BURROW.....	Athletic Editor



THE editing of CUPOLA and the *Broadside*, is the business of the Publications Workshop. The CUPOLA is the year book, and the *Broadside*, which this year confined itself to a single edition which came out in April, shows what is being done in the field of writing by the students at Mount Vernon Seminary. Miss De Lano, assisted by Miss Hanna and Miss Leino, has been adviser to the group.



Music Seminar

ADELA K. PAYNE.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
ELIZABETH WINSTON.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
DORIS MASTERS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY HURD.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
CAROLINE CRANE	
DIANA HEARNE	
MARY MORTON GRANGER	

IN Music Seminar, we trace the development of music from its primitive origins through classic stages to present-day forms. From this survey, new vistas are opened through which we glimpse tempting paths to follow. Mrs. Payne and Miss Winston, with their talents, knowledge, and love of the art bring to each meeting an interest and an enthusiasm which we inevitably share.



Field House Seminar

ROWENA M. HOLDREN.....*Faculty Adviser*

MARION DE LANO.....*Faculty Adviser to the Field Shop*

MARJORIE STREET.....*President*

MARY LAUER.....*Vice-President*

MARY-ELLEN FIELD.....*Secretary*

LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.....*Treasurer*

ANNIE GRIGSBY CAMPBELL

MARY WILSON DICKEY

EPSIE DALLIS

JULIA JENCKS

ELIZABETH DECKER

ELEANOR PEARSON

MARTHA NEUNSWANDER

THE Field House is the place where under the direction of Miss Holdren and Miss Marion De Lano, M. V. S. girls may learn to manage a tea house and gift shop. The Field House affords good entertainment any day in the week with ping-pong, dancing and bridge.



Dramatic Workshop

FRANCES HERRIOTT *Faculty Adviser*

BARBARA COBB *President*

FRANCES WITTE *Secretary-Treasurer*

MARGUERITE BEACH

BARBARA BEAL

FRANCES BURROW

VIRGINIA DANGLER

DOROTHY DEXTER

BETTY FIELD

DORIS KIMBALL

BARBARA SINCERBEAUX

SALLY SPITZER

“THE Play’s the Thing” has a very real meaning for the Dramatic Workshop. Under the enthusiastic direction of Miss Herriott, the group has sponsored four major productions as well as eight one-act plays, typical of modern European drama.







The Cupola



School Granddaughters

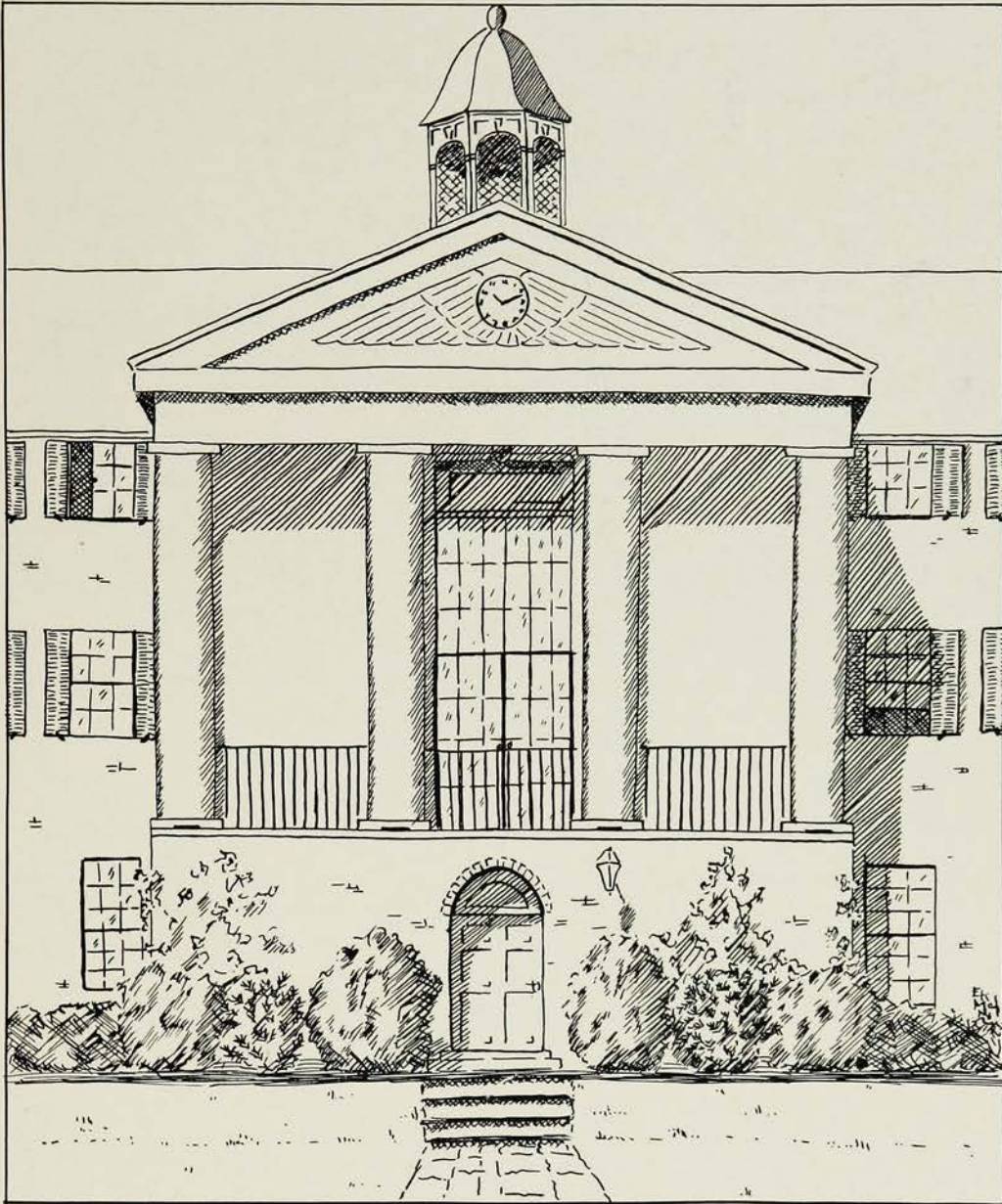
JEAN EVATT
BETTY FIELD
PATRICIA FOWLER
MARY MORTON GRANGER
MARGARET HECHT
DOROTHY HURD

FLORENCE MARTINDALE
DORIS MASTERS
GRETCHEN ONDERDONK
ELEANOR PEARSON
BETTY ROGERS
JULIA STRAUSS

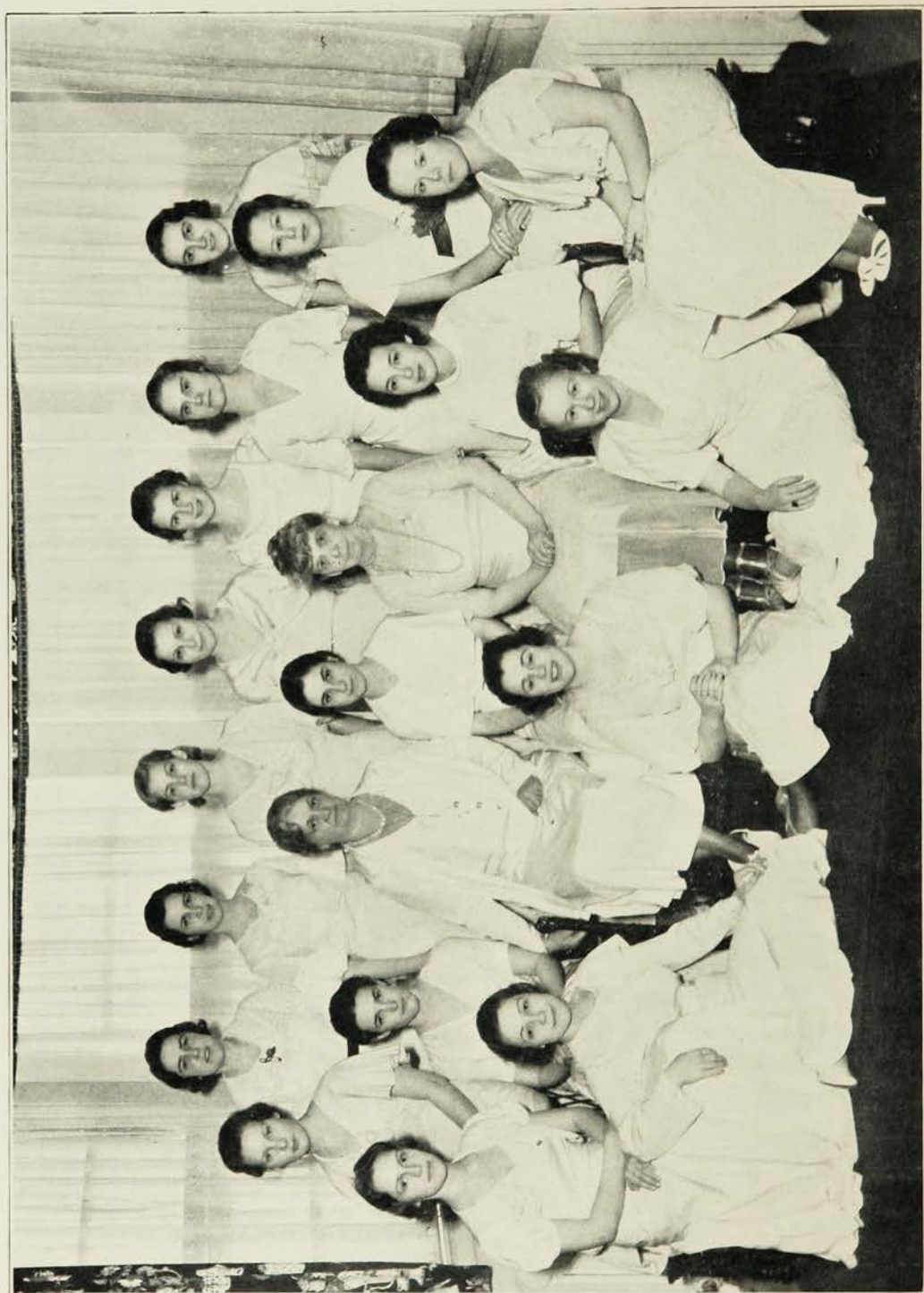
RUTH WOODSON

GREAT GRANDDAUGHTERS

BETTY DAVIS
MARY DAVIS
ROSE MODISETTE



ORGANIZATIONS



OPTIMA

The Cupola



Optima

KATE THOMPSON *President*
 GRETCHEN ONDERDONK *Vice-President*
 JULIA STRAUSS *Secretary*
 EDMEE REISINGER *Treasurer*

JEAN DEAN COLE *Honorary Member*
 KATHARINE E. HILL *Honorary Member*

MARGUERITE BEACH
 BARBARA COBB
 VIRGINIA DANGLER
 DOROTHY DEXTER
 MARY WILSON DICKEY
 MARIAN DUVAL
 EDA FERGUSON
 BETTY FIELD
 MARY ELLEN FIELD

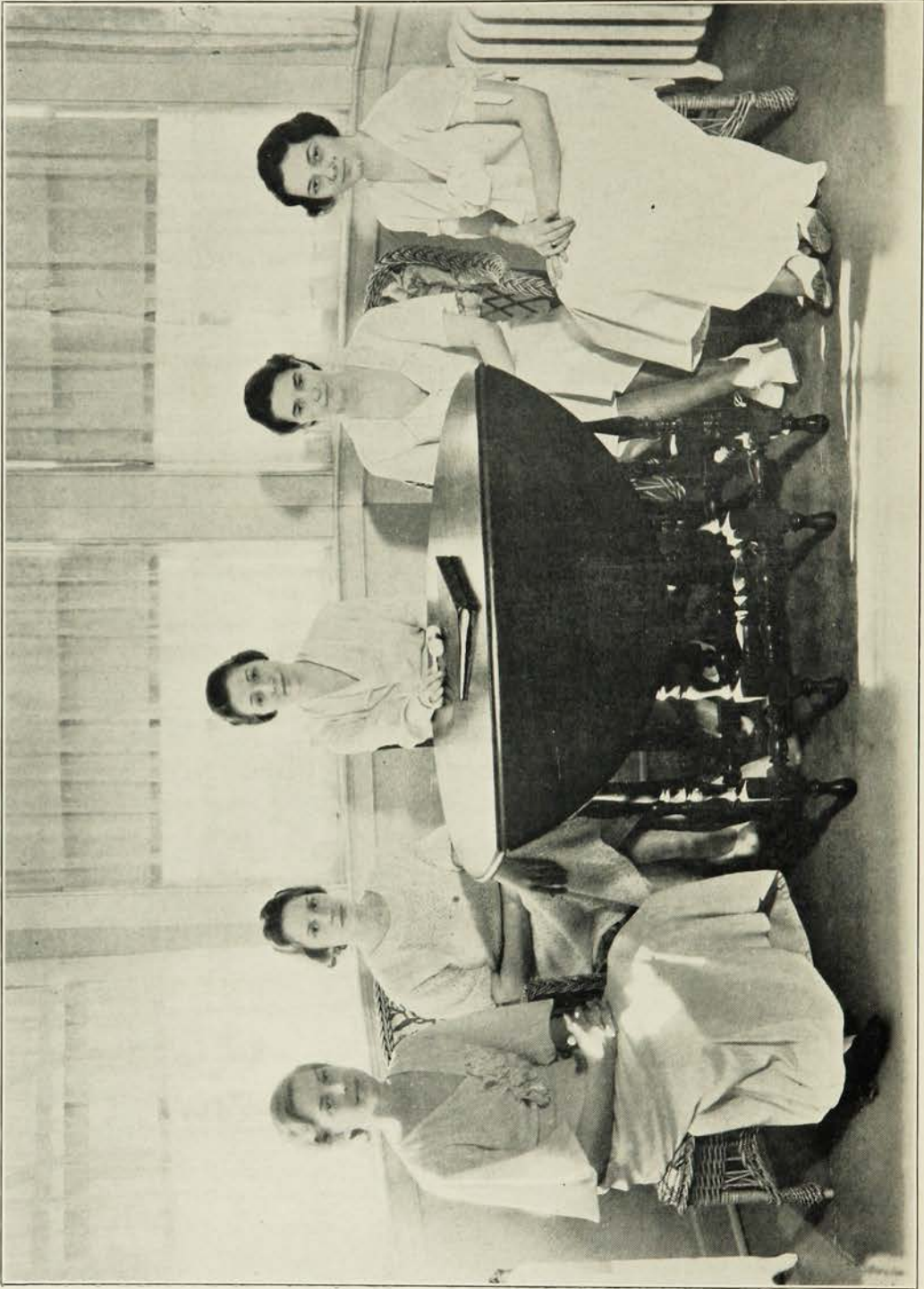
DOROTHY HURD
 MARY HURD
 DORIS MASTERS
 ELEANOR MCNEIR
 WANDA PIKE
 HELEN SEARLE
 BARBARA SINCERBEAUX
 MURIEL STOKES
 KATHARINE W. THOMPSON

Optima

MEMBERSHIP in Optima is one of the honors which has always encouraged a sincere and friendly strife. The privilege of belonging to the club signifies both good scholarship and good citizenship. Optima's purpose is to stimulate and uphold the highest standards of the school.

Have enjoyed knowing
 you the year -
 Best luck to you
 next year as
 Literary Editor of Cupola
 and all the greatest
 to come -
 Das Hurd -

Dearies -
 This was a success for
 you - I did it but
 I know you better -
 have
 Edmee



PRIVILEGE LIST COMMITTEE



Privilege List Committee

MISS COLE.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
MR. LLOYD.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
MISS AGNES DE LANO.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
MISS BLAKESLEE.....	<i>Faculty Adviser</i>
MARGUERITE BEACH.....	<i>Chairman</i>
MARY-ELLEN FIELD.....	<i>Secretary</i>

MARY LAUER
ELINOR McNEIR
HELEN SEARLE

THE Privilege List Committee in co-operation with the faculty compiles the privilege list. This list is based on the faculty's recommendation of girls who have shown marked achievement in their academic grade and on the student committee's selection of girls who have made a distinct contribution to school life.



LE CERCLE FRANCAIS



Le Cercle Français

Le sujet des causeries de cette-année-ci est:

Marie-Antoinette

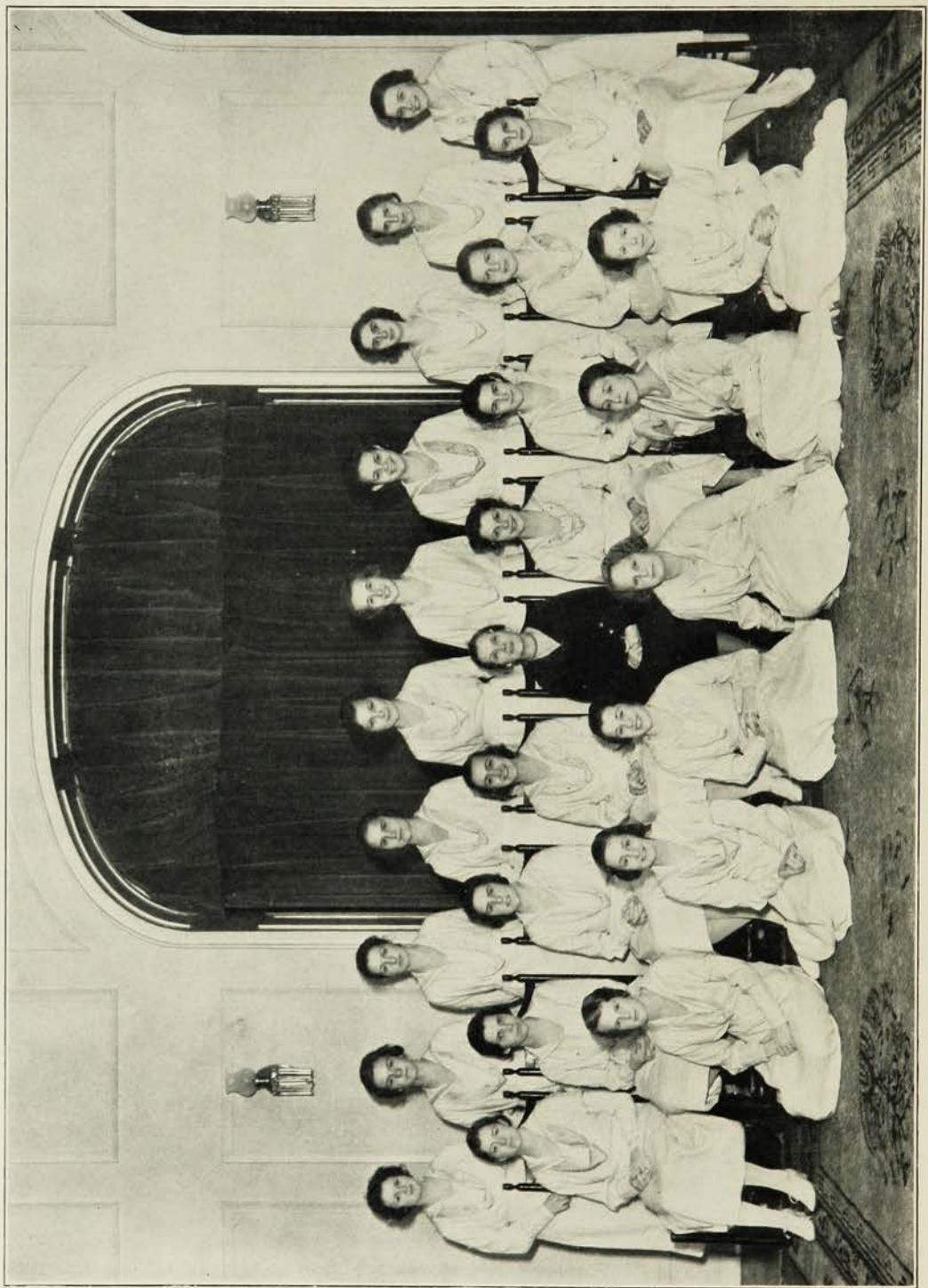
Les membres du Bureau sont:

MARY HURD.....	<i>Présidente</i>
BARBARA BEAL.....	<i>Vice-Présidente</i>
JANE HUTCHINSON.....	<i>Secrétaire</i>
PATRICIA BORN.....	<i>Trésorière</i>

LES MEMBRES

EPSIE DALLIS
MARY WILSON DICKEY
BETTY FIELD
FREDERICA GALBRAITH
MARIANNE HOOVER
GRACE JOHNSTON
DORIS MASTERS
HELEN SEARLE
BARBARA SINCERBEAUX
SALLY SPITZER
MURIEL STOKES

Handwritten notes in blue ink, partially legible, mentioning names and possibly dates.



TREBLE CLEF CLUB



Treble Clef Club

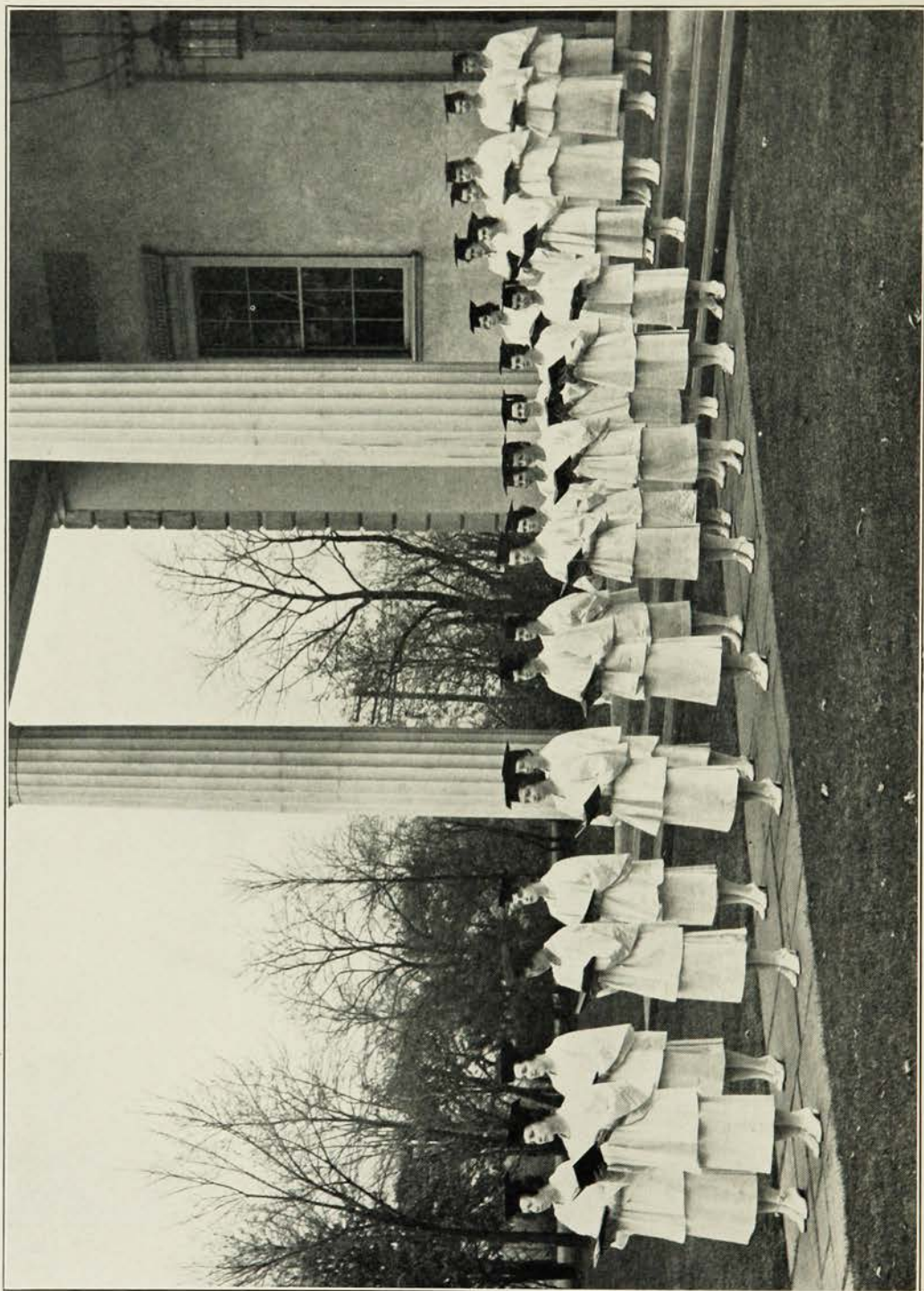
ADELA K. PAYNE.....	<i>Director</i>
ELIZABETH WINSTON.....	<i>Accompanist</i>
MARY HURD.....	<i>President</i>
BETTY ROGERS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
DORIS MASTERS.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

MARGUERITE BEACH
 JOSEPHINE BURROW
 DOROTHY CHAPIN
 BARBARA CLUTE
 CAROLINE CRANE
 VIRGINIA DANGLER
 SHIRLEY DOVE
 MARION DUVAL
 EDITH FERGUSON
 BETTY FIELD
 PATRICIA FOWLER
 FREDERICA GALBRAITH
 MARY MORTON GRANGER
 RUTH HARRIS
 ALICE HOWELL

MARY HURD
 GRACE JOHNSTON
 KATHLEEN McCAREY
 DORIS MASTERS
 ROSE MODISETTE
 GRETCHEN ONDERDONK
 FRANCES PRICE
 BETTY ROGERS
 HELEN SEARLE
 ANNA SHIRK
 BARBARA SINCERBEAUX
 MURIEL STOKES
 MARJORIE STREET
 KATHARINE THOMPSON
 JUSTINE WILKEN

FRANCES WITTE

TREBLE CLEF, to those who enjoy group singing, means many happy hours of rehearsal, in which we learn to appreciate music. Preparation for the Commencement concert under Mrs. Payne's experienced leadership, gives Treble Clef an important place in the life of the school.



THE CHOIR



Choir

MARGUERITE BEACH

FRANCES BURROW

JOSEPHINE BURROW

BARBARA CLUTE

CAROLINE CRANE

VIRGINIA DAVIS

MARION DUVAL

EDITH FERGUSON

BETTY FIELD

FREDERICA GALBRAITH

MARY MORTON GRANGER

RUTH HARRIS

MARIANNE HOOVER

MARY HURD

JULIA JENCKS

DORIS KIMBALL

MARY LAUER

DORIS MASTERS

KATHLEEN McCAREY

ROSE MODISETTE

GRETCHEN ONDERDONK

ELEANOR PEARSON

BETTY ROGERS

BARBARA SINCERBEAUX

HELEN SEARLE

MURIEL STOKES

JULIA STRAUSS

MARJORIE STREET

KATHARINE THOMPSON

FRANCES WITTE

THE choir composed of thirty girls renders the music for our Sunday afternoon chapel services and for other special occasions. It is directed by Mr. Adolph Torovsky, the organist and choir master at the Church of the Epiphany.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD



Athletic Association

MIRIAM L. SPAULDING.....	<i>Yellow Team Adviser</i>
JEANNETTE A. PEARSON.....	<i>White Team Adviser</i>
LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.....	<i>President</i>
JULIA JENCKS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARIANNE HOOVER.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

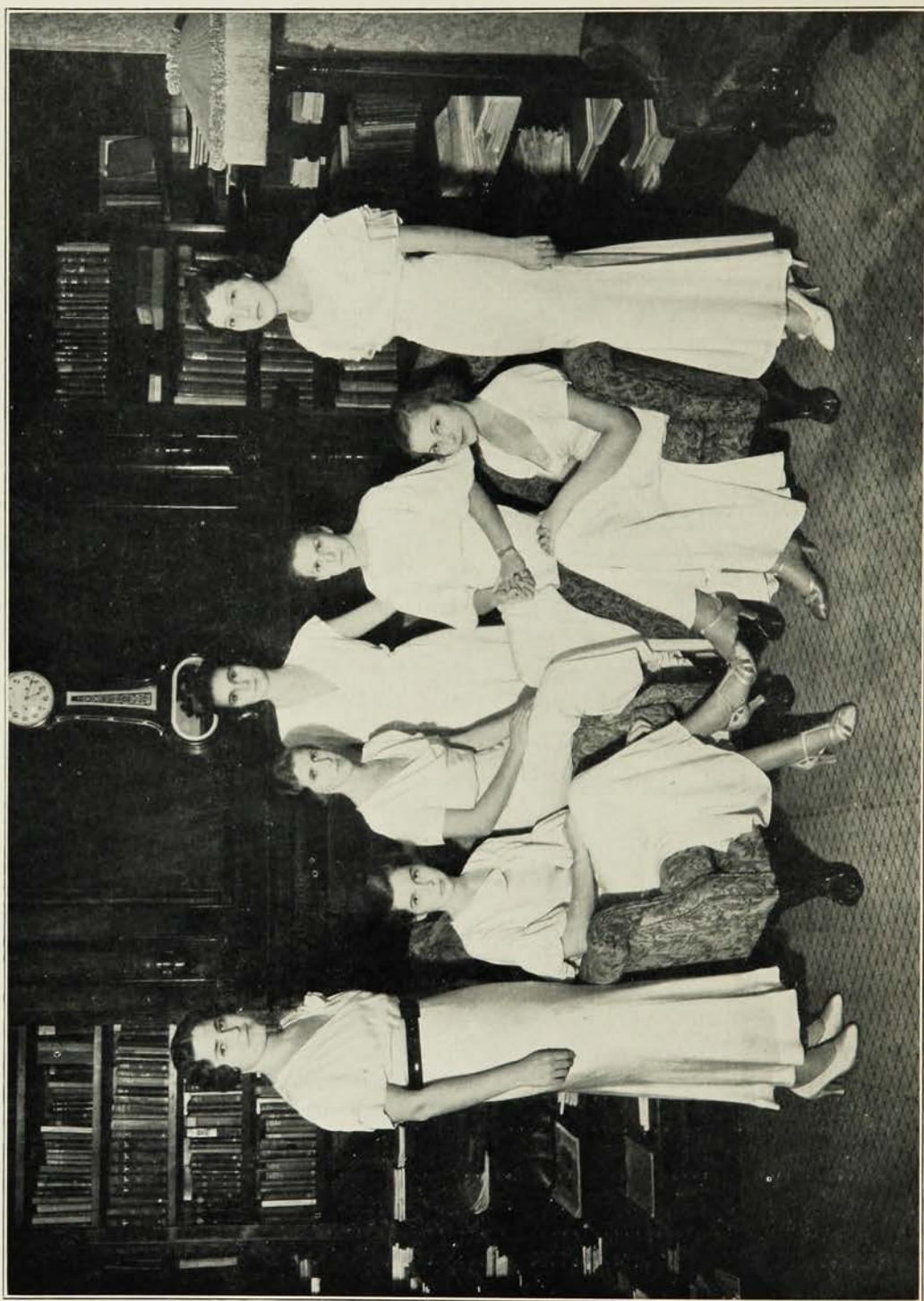
TEAM CAPTAINS

MARJORIE STREET.....	<i>Whites</i>
MARY-ELLEN FIELD.....	<i>Yellows</i>

MANAGERS OF SPORTS

DORIS MASTERS <i>Hockey</i>	ELLIS SPRECKLES <i>Swimming</i>
WANDA PIKE <i>Tennis</i>	ALICE HOWELL <i>Soccer</i>
ANNE SHIRK <i>Golf</i>	VIRGINIA DANGLER <i>Basket-ball</i>
MARJORIE BAKER <i>Archery</i>	EDMEE REISINGER <i>Riding</i>
RUTH JOHNSON <i>Volley-ball</i>	

LUCY-JANE HEDBERG, with the aid of Miss Spaulding and Miss Jean, presides over the Athletic Association Board which is comprised of fourteen student members. Through them the athletic year is planned, good sportsmanship is sponsored, and enthusiasm is aroused.



LEND-A-HAND



Lend-A-Hand

VIRGINIA DANGLER.....	<i>President</i>
MARY WILSON DICKEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
LINDSEY POPE.....	<i>Secretary</i>
ELEANOR VAN SHAACK.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

BARBARA BEAL.....	<i>Senior Class</i>
MARY MORTON GRANGER.....	<i>Junior Class</i>
DOROTHY CHAPIN.....	<i>Yellow Class</i>
WANDA PIKE.....	<i>White Class</i>

LEND-A-HAND guides the student body in its contributions to charity. Sunday chapel collections, special benefits, and individual donations are the sources of income dispersed throughout the year.



Alumnae and School Organizations

THE M. V. S. SOCIETY

The M. V. S. Society is an organization which included in its membership all former students, graduate and non-graduate, faculty past and present, as well as the student body of the school. The Society proper has, as its headquarters, Mount Vernon Seminary. It comprises the school body and girls throughout the country not affiliated with Chapters.

The Chapters are nine in number. They are the S. A. Scull Chapter (Western Pennsylvania), the Harriet Belle Walker Chapter (Philadelphia), the Omaha Chapter, the Jean E. Eddy Chapter (Boston and vicinity), the Rhode Island Chapter, the Chicago Chapter, the Adelia Gates Hensley Chapter (New York), the Jean Dean Cole (California), and the Katharine E. Hill Chapter (Wisconsin).

Its publication is the *Roll Call* issued in December, often edited by an out-of-town member who spends a month at the school for the purpose.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

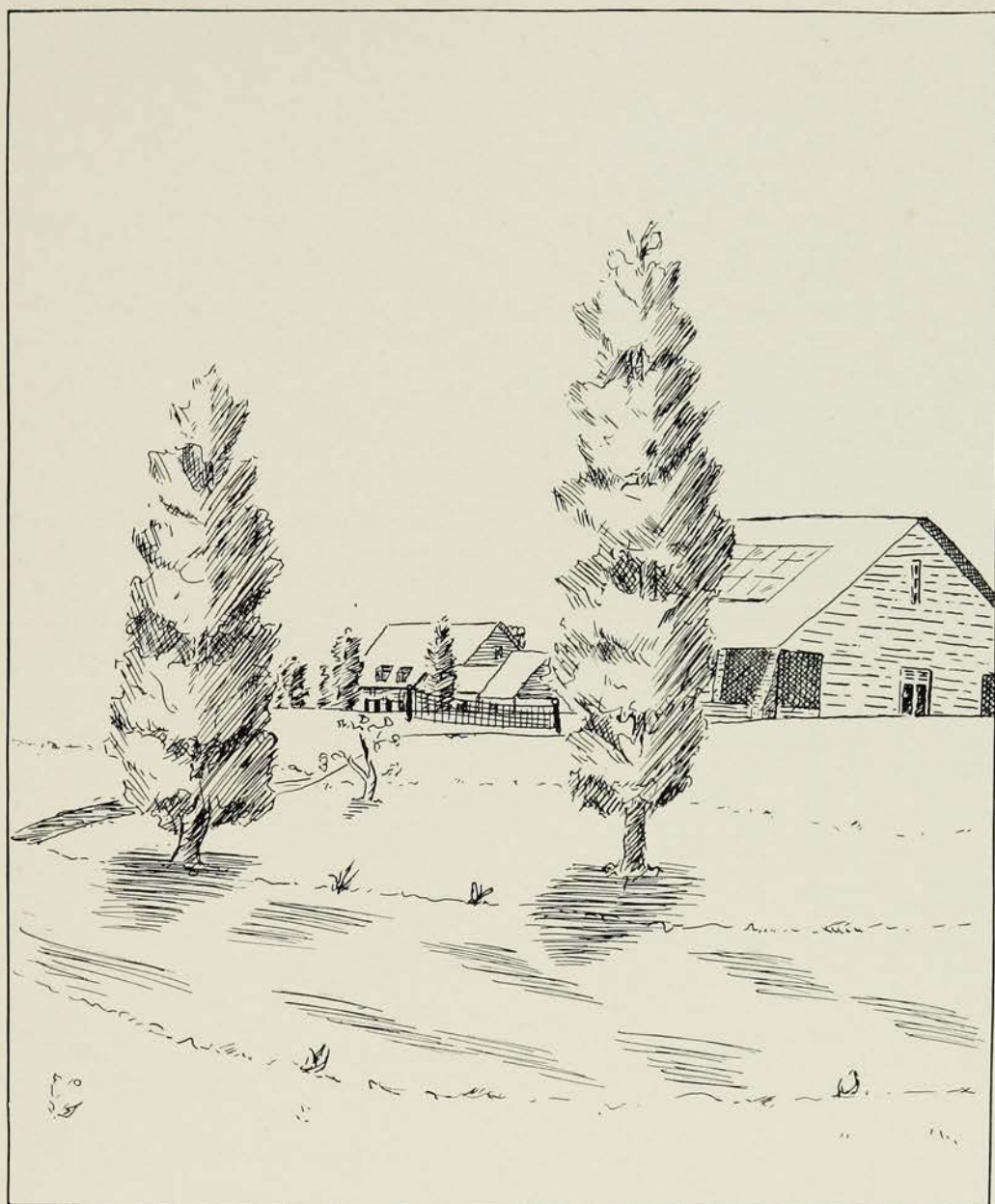
The Alumnae Association includes graduates only, now numbering approximately one thousand. Its organ is the *Annual* edited in June by one of its members resident or non-resident who spends the month of May in active preparation.

The merging of the M. V. S. Society and the Alumnae Association from the viewpoint of economy and increase in efficiency is now under consideration.

THE M. V. S. COUNCIL

The M. V. S. Council met for the first time in April, 1931. It is made up of delegates from the M. V. S. Society Chapters and delegates at large. Its aim is to help the alumnae to understand and further the school policies and to make possible a closer relation between the school and its former students.

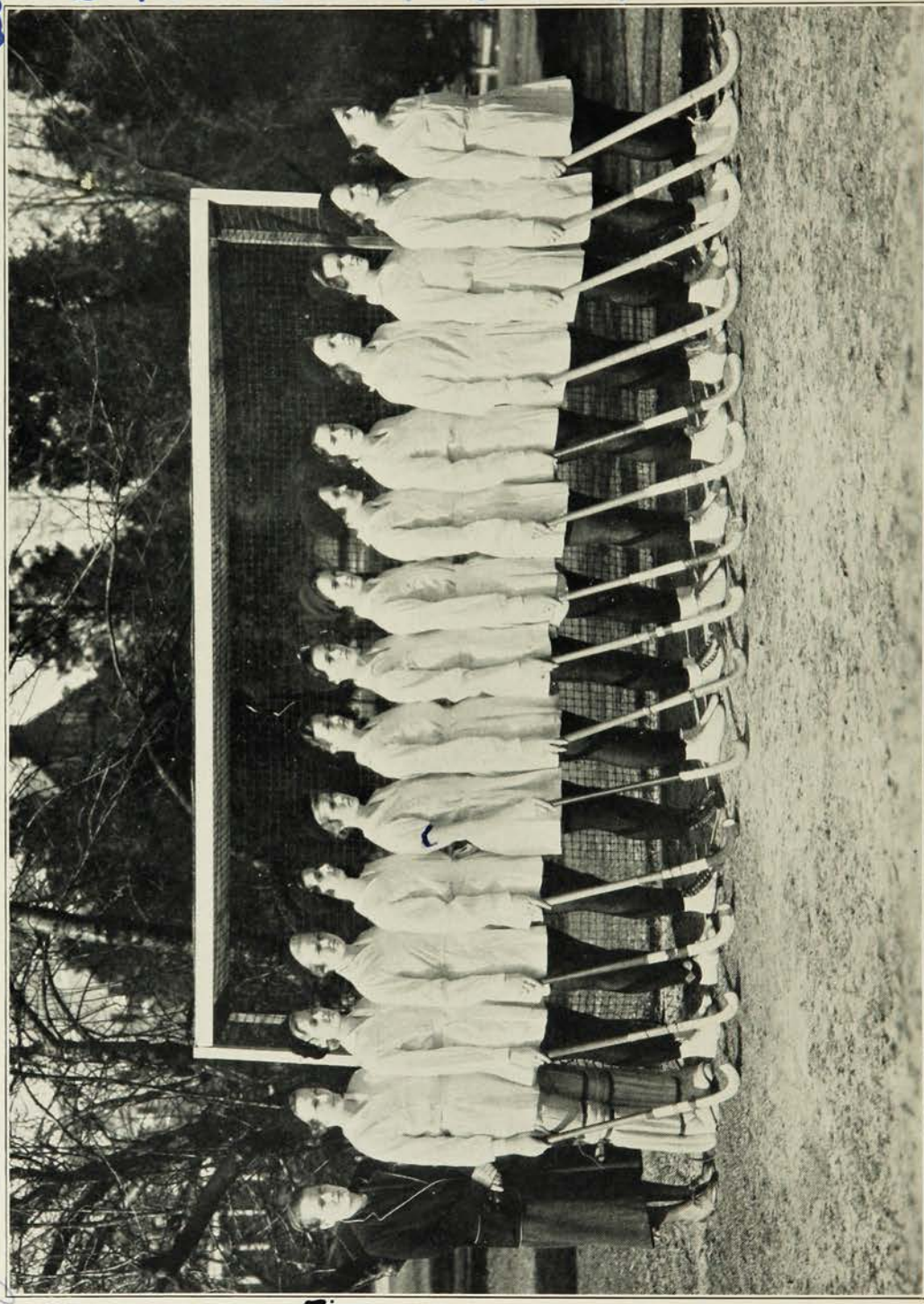
The subject for discussion at the Spring Meeting, 1932 was "The Relation of the Alumna to the School," and the one of 1933 is, "The Use of Leisure Time."



ATHLETICS

always differ-
ent of course.
Unusual is
the word. Well,
little one, I
certainly
hope you
come back
next year
and then
what fun
we shall
have with
the eleven-
child :-
ever and
ever so
much
love -
nana

Jean A. Pearson



VARSITY HOCKEY TEAM

Why don't you
come along
for a run - skip?
You'll be back
next year - shops
and I'll be
seeing you
then.
Lots of love,
'Rui'



Varsity Hockey Team

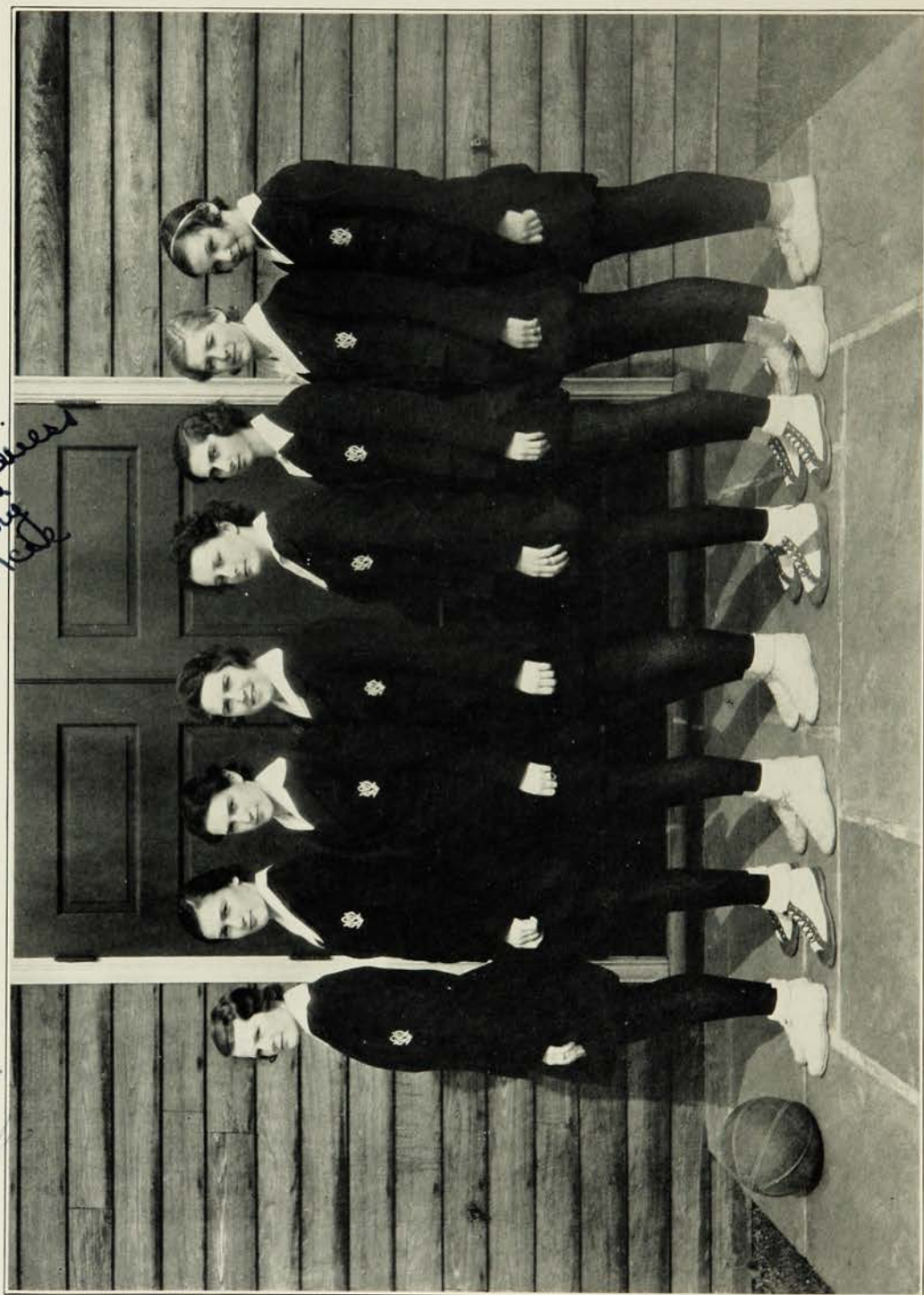
<i>Left Wing</i>	MARJORIE STREET (Captain).....	White
<i>Left Inner</i>	BETTY GILBERT.....	Yellow
<i>Center Forward</i>	LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.....	White
<i>Right Inner</i>	BETTY FIELD.....	White
<i>Right Wing</i>	MARIANNE HOOVER.....	White
<i>Left Half</i>	DORIS MASTERS.....	White
<i>Center Half</i>	MARY-ELLEN FIELD.....	Yellow
<i>Right Half</i>	RENATA INGRAHAM.....	White
<i>Left Full</i>	HELEN SEARLE.....	White
<i>Right Full</i>	ANNE SHIRK.....	White
<i>Goal Keeper</i>	VIRGINIA DANGLER.....	White

Substitutes

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.....	Yellow	VALERIA HARRIS.....	Yellow
GRACE JOHNSTON.....	Yellow	ALICE HOWELL.....	White

Lots of happiness
for you all
Love

Lots of love and
happiness
will be yours
and yours together
all the time
Love



VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM

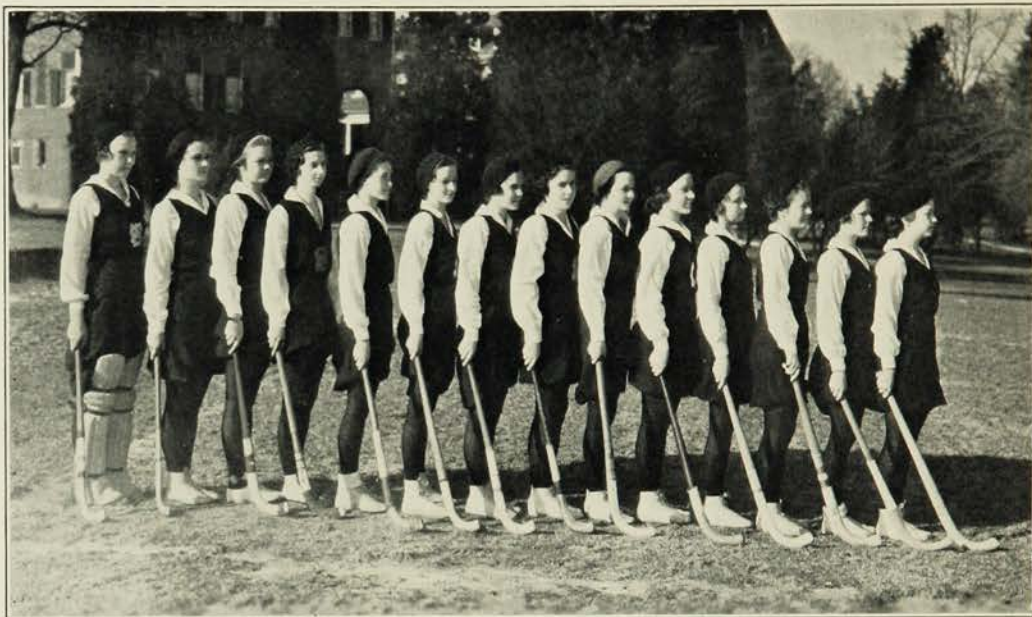


Varsity Basket-Ball Team

<i>Forward</i>	LUCY-JANE HEDBERG (Captain)	White
<i>Forward</i>	MARJORIE STREET	White
<i>Center</i>	MARY ELLEN FIELD	Yellow
<i>Center</i>	ALICE HOWELL	White
<i>Guard</i>	DORIS MASTERS	White
<i>Guard</i>	BETTY GILBERT	Yellow

Substitutes

HELEN SEARLE	White
VIRGINIA DANGLER	White
ELLIS SPRECKLES	White



Championship Hockey Team

WHITES

MARIANNE HOOVER.....	Left Wing
MARJORIE STREET (Captain).....	Left Inner
LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.....	Center Forward
BETTY FIELD.....	Right Inner
MARY LAUER.....	Right Wing
JANE HUTCHINSON.....	Left Half
DORIS MASTERS.....	Center Half
MARION DUVAL.....	Right Half
HELEN SEARLE.....	Left Full
BARBARA BEAL.....	Right Full
VIRGINIA DANGLER.....	Goal Keeper

Substitutes

ALICE HOWELL
EDMEE REISINGER

ANNE SHIRK
RENATA INGRAHAM



Class Basket-Ball Teams

YELLOW

Forwards:

ANNIE GRIGSBY CAMPBELL
MARY-ELLEN FIELD (Captain)

Centers:

VALERIA HARRIS
SALLY SPITZER

Guards:

BETTY GILBERT
ELEANOR PEARSON

WHITE

Forwards:

LUCY-JANE HEDBERG
MARJORIE STREET

Centers:

VIRGINIA DANGLER
ALICE HOWELL

Guards:

DORIS MASTERS (Captain)
ELLIS SPRECKLES

The White Class won the basket-ball game held on Monday, March thirteenth with a score of 55 to 20.



All-Scholastic Washington Honorary Hockey Team Tryout

M. V. S. REPRESENTATIVES

MARY-ELLEN FIELD	<i>Yellow</i>
LUCY-JANE HEDBERG	<i>White</i>
ANNE IDEMA	<i>Yellow</i>
DORIS MASTERS	<i>White</i>
HELEN SEARLE	<i>White</i>
MARJORIE STREET	<i>White</i>

MEMBERS OF THE ALL-SCHOLASTIC WASHINGTON HONORARY HOCKEY TEAM

MARY-ELLEN FIELD	<i>Center Halfback</i>
LUCY-JANE HEDBERG	<i>Center Forward</i>

Substitute
MARJORIE STREET



THE Athletic Association Board gave a banquet April ninth. Judy Jencks, as toastmistress, introduced Miss Cole, Miss Spaulding, Lucy-Jane Hedberg, and Mr. Lloyd who made delightful speeches. The Athletic Banner was won by the Yellows for the winter term. Following the dinner, dancing was enjoyed at the Field House.

FALL SPORTS AWARDS

HONOR VARSITY HOCKEY

Archery:

WANDA PIKE

Deck Tennis:

ELEANOR BISSELL

JEAN MARR

MARTHA NEUENSCHWANDER

Volley Ball:

MARDI BURNHAM

BETTY DAVIS

MARY DAVIS

FREDERICA GALBRAITH

Hockey:

MARJORIE STREET

Hockey pin for three years.

Varsity Hockey Team.



Athletic Awards - May 22, 1932

The Dorothea Sigel Interclass Basket-Ball Trophy Cup.

Won by the WHITE CLASS—HARRIETT MINTY, *Captain*.

The Margaret Finley Interclass Swimming Meet Trophy Cup.

Won by the YELLOW CLASS—MARY LOUISE MORRIS, *Captain*.

The Brigham Cunningham Golf Trophy Cup.

Won by the YELLOW CLASS—HELEN MARIE CASTLE.

The Mount Vernon Seminary Challenge Cup for the Tennis Singles Tournament.

Won by LUCY-JANE HEDBERG, *Junior*.

Doubles Tennis Tournament.

Won by LUCY-JANE HEDBERG and MARY LOUISE MORRIS.

The Fletcher Trophy Cup, for the class winning the highest number of points in competitive sports throughout the year.

Won by the YELLOW CLASS.

The Connie Bavinger Athletic Banner.

Won by the YELLOW CLASS.

The Mary Jane Quilhot Medal Trophy Cup and Athletic Medal, for outstanding sportsmanship, contribution, and achievement.

Won by LUCY-JANE HEDBERG.

Honorable Mention.

Won by HELEN RAY POTTER.



LITERATURE



The Abbey Theatre

THE Abbey Players who have been touring this country and giving to the American audience a glimpse of Ireland found their impetus in the desire of William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory to immortalize the characteristics of Ireland in a national drama. In 1893 Mr. Yeats became interested in producing on the Irish stage with an Irish cast a play which he had written, singularly Irish in character, dealing with the home life, the political struggle and in short the very heart of Ireland. Mr. Yeats had already successfully produced this play in England before an audience which had appreciated his genius and had caught the spirit which he had hoped to convey. An Englishwoman who understood Mr. Yeats' wish for further development of national drama in Ireland purchased a building on Abbey Street in Dublin, presented it to him and the group by this time associated with him, in order that they might have an Irish Theatre. Lady Gregory gave much of her time and money toward making this theatre a success as well as writing several delightful plays which are still a part of their repertoire.

It was not until 1904 that the Abbey Theatre was organized, taking its name from its location, and launched itself upon its career of furthering the creation and acting of Irish drama. The writers associated with this theatre realized that Ireland fostered a whimsical humor closely allied to pathos, a staunch loyalty, determination and courage, all dramatic material worthy of the world's attention. Too few modern theatre movements have sprung up as a result of an incentive to dramatize a country's intrinsic nationality, and the efforts of this group to do this very thing have everywhere found a sincere appreciation.

A searcher after significant modern drama finds fulfillment of his quest in the work of this little group of men and women who have plumbed the depths of their everyday experiences, have relived them on the stage, and in turn awakened a dual interest in Ireland and in the drama.

When these experimentalists began producing plays, all the actors were amateurs in the sense that they were unpaid. Most of them were employed nearby and dropped in to rehearse when they were free. Thus the theatre became their release from drudgery. Through their desire to express themselves, there was flashed into the world a living picture of an Ireland hitherto unmet. Versatile these actors had to be before they could adjust themselves to the exacting demands of their repertoire. One had to alternate between a rollicking comic part and a strong tragic role; he had to go from a lead to a minor place in a mob scene. Perhaps it was because these parts were all so close to their own experience and born of Irish soil, that they interpreted so easily and movingly the spirit of comedy and tragedy in life.

One of their most dramatic plays is "The Things That Are Caesar's" by Paul V. Carroll. In it a girlish heroine is torn between loyalty to her father, a shiftless, but highly intelligent man, and her mother, a domineering, scheming hypocrite whose only claim to her daughter's affections is one of filial instinct. Her mother is a staunch Catholic completely under the thumb of the priest, while the father is Protestant and kept pointing out to her child fallacies in her mother's beliefs. At the opening of the play, Eilish has run away from the convent where her mother and the priest had sent her to escape her father's influence. The whole atmosphere at the convent had been unreal beyond endurance. The mother enraged and disgraced by her daughter's defiance, settles upon marriage as the next step. She has friends who have a son of marriageable age, and through much scheming

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and planning and flattery, she ensnares this boy as her daughter's suitor. The father in poor health is beset by the unhappy thought that he will not live to save Eilish from this loveless match. The struggle mounts to a climax when he finally persuades her not to marry, and then in a heart attack, dies. Left alone with the mother, Eilish soon drifts back into a listlessness that gives her mother an upper hand. By the day of the wedding, the girl has been driven almost to madness realizing her powerlessness to withstand her mother's influence. The minute the ceremony is over, she dashes out of the house, and the audience is left with so tragic a sense of her desperation that the thought of suicide brings merciful relief. The play is strong and leaves one heavy-hearted with sympathy for the child but baffled as to what should be done under such circumstances. Her position is natural and common enough and no less inevitable. There seems no way out. When the Irish players came to Washington, Maureen Delany as the mother gave a telling performance. She was intolerant, cunning and powerful. The father was lovable, pathetic and commanded respect, while the daughter, played by Kate Curling, was the most excellently cast of the three possibly because she is young enough to portray truly the sensitive victim of domineering parents, driven into a state of mind where she shrinks from physical contact, desiring only the solitude beyond which no one can break in upon her reserve.

Another piece in their repertoire played in a much lighter mood, is Lennox Robinson's "The Whiteheaded Boy." This story centers about the youngest son of a large family. The mother has shown him so much partiality that the ambitions of the other children have gone unsatisfied. Again it is a family struggle, but this time the tension is relieved by the very amusing Aunt Ellen and her romance with John Duffy.

When the play opens the whole family are discussing the return of Denis who has been in Dublin taking trial examinations for Oxford. George, the oldest son who has assumed the headship of the family since his father's death receives a telegram addressed to Denis and takes the liberty of opening it. The message implies Denis' failure and George welcomes the opening that it gives him. He can't afford to sacrifice the other children any longer. He will send Denis to Canada. The rest of the family find it a congenial plan and before the mother can protest, it is decided that Denis shall leave immediately for Canada to earn his own living. The others can then do some of the things they have longed to do. The youngest daughter, "Baby," plans to study music; Peter seizes an opportunity to become manager of a cooperative store promoted by Aunt Ellen. When Denis comes home he finds them all turned against him except his mother who holds doggedly to her belief that he is not like her other children and must be given advantages. For the sake of appearances they are going to tell people that a wealthy relative in Canada has sent for Denis to take him into a fine business. This infuriates him, but the brothers and sisters overrule him and he can do little. Now he cannot marry Delia, the girl whom he has been engaged to for some time. He writes her to explain the situation, using the Canada story. But John Duffy, her father, turns this elaborate fib into a trap, and insists that this good fortune be shared. Denis must take Delia to Canada with him. They finally confess that this is merely a story to protect Denis from the disgrace of failure. Then a breach of promise looms on the horizon. In an effort to keep the matter out of court, George and the mother pay Duffy generous sums of money to drop the case and Aunt Ellen, who all this time has been renewing an old love affair with Duffy, consents to marry him if he will withdraw the charge. Each person bargains with him quite unknown to the others, which brings out the point that they are all ready to sacrifice for Denis. In the last act Denis enters with Delia and announces their marriage. He adds to this news the fact that he has found work in a road gang and is beginning that day. It



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is too much for the family to picture this favorite son working in a road gang and Peter generously offers Denis the position in his Aunt's store. Another victory for Denis! The play leaves one feeling that it is just the beginning and that he will always be provided for by someone more than willing to look after him. He is indeed "The Whiteheaded Boy." The large cast in this play allows portrayal of many typical Irish characters. The part of the mother played by Eileen Crowe achieves an almost tragic pathos. Kate Curling, as the young Delia, was well cast and made an attractive bride for the handsome youth so completely spoiled. Denis O'Dea took the part of the Whiteheaded boy and Barry Fitzgerald and Maureen Delany gave the best comedy to the play with their interpretations of John Duffy and Aunt Ellen. Each part in this play counted definitely and gave opportunity for very strong character studies.

Ireland seems to have led the way in a most constructive and worthy effort to make the world conscious of national drama. Irish drama is of the people, and by the people. It will remain an enduring record of lives baffled by problems and brightened by joys and, of life as it has to be met by all people, wherever they may be born.

—BARBARA COBB



I Am the Shadow

I am the shadow treading on your heels,
The ghost that moans in every haunted tower.
I am the serpent couched beneath the flower.
I am the king of thieves—the one who steals
The joy from triumph, and the strength from power.
The love from love, the splendor from the feast.
No one escapes. The greatest or the least
Bow in my presence, every waking hour.

I am the cloud that stains life's fairest sky,
The hand by which all living souls are torn.
I lived before the shining stars were born;
Though heaven melt away, I cannot die.
Ah! Would you flee, for I am always here—
Look in my eyes and tremble. I am Fear.

—JULIA E. STRAUSS.



Ethics in Modern America and in Dante's "Inferno"

MORE fascinating a pursuit could scarcely be found than studying the arrangement of Dante's *Inferno*. If I had more knowledge of Aristotle's Ethics, and of the Roman Catholic doctrines of Dante's age, I might determine why he arranged his Hell as he did. Since this background is not mine, let us consider the ethics, implicit in "The Divine Comedy," in contrast to the ethical standards of Modern America.

First of all no Modern American could ever believe in anything so "aboriginal" as Hell, as George Jean Nathan puts it. I doubt whether any Modern American has the learning, imagination, and let me add patience, to appreciate Dante's Hell. Certainly his ethics are not perceptibly in accord with either the "laissez aller" of the American view point, or the practical American philosophy "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die."

At the gate of Dante's Hell are found those apathetic souls indifferent to good and bad alike. The popularity of what Modern America calls "sophistication" would station this class more properly at the gate of Heaven. For is not Hamlet's line, "there's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so," branded today as obvious rather than thought provoking?

Carnal sinners are no longer considered wicked. In fact, marriage is not recommended until late in life, when it can be more easily based on social, economic, intellectual and spiritual congeniality. This might complicate baptism, which, has long ceased to be thought necessary to the saving of souls from eternal perdition, and has become little more than a ritual of not too vital importance.

Surely yours is not the quondam belief that the world suffers from over-production! Modern monopolies suggest that human desire is infinite. Mr. Ford has not encouraged the fashion of predicting eternal damnation for the gluttonous. It is true that you do not like caviar?

As for the prodigal and avaricious, the Salvation Army will undoubtedly save the souls of the prodigal, while the rest of us will laud the avaricious for their frankness in owning up to natural self-interest. Their interests are, of course guarded by unions and corporation lawyers; the more successful the case, the larger the salary.

It would be a sin to condemn the wrathful and gloomy. These poor unfortunate brothers should be psychoanalytically though expensively aided, to release themselves from a complex for which they are blameless, since society has so ruthlessly suppressed their desires.

Heretic is a word used nowadays only by historians, while freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press, certainly as far as religion is concerned, is taken for granted as the inviolable right of every human being. History books, however, still assert the unbelievable excellence, indeed the superiority, of the American nation. The mayor of Chicago could never allow the young student to believe that Americans turned tail and fled at Bunker Hill, and the Senators were dreadfully shocked, when it was suggested that they were at times influenced by economic considerations of a personal character. Nor will America suffer the truth at any time to be printed in her newspapers.

In the eighth region of Hell, Dante confined those guilty of violence. Today those violent against their neighbors escape damnation on the grounds of heredity and environment. Although we may lock them up for safety, they are more to be pitied than damned. Regarding violence to one's self and one's goods, instead of condemning this as a sin, we praise it as a virtue. Men today who have taken their lives to provide sufficient funds for



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their families, live as heroes in the minds of the survivors. Violence toward God, through taking his name in vain is so prevalent both in American speech and writings, that it is scarcely more significant than punctuation. His churches are robbed not infrequently. Nature and art endure the utmost violence, but the majority of the populace remain unconscious not only of the violence but of the art. In war-time, Rheims was blown to pieces, fertile lands were destroyed, and men were burned and slaughtered by the millions, as an act of idealism and bravery. The condition of art and nature in peace-time defies description for American has never known that blessed state. However, mere cessation of war seems to promise little for art and nature, if we are to judge by the canvasses at the Bi-ennial Art Exhibition, or to appreciate a landscape completely hidden by flagrant bill boards.

Seducers of women are perfectly innocent. In America a woman is capable of taking care of herself. Flatterers are common and indeed pleasing to society. *Savoir faire* implies having a good "line," and "professional personalities," are employed everywhere from department stores to the navy.

Due to the pauperism of the Protestant church, simony is scarcely a temptation. Politics offer an excellent substitute, if we are to believe the hundred and one exposés to be read on every side. America accepted "the Devil Passes," without too great a shock.

Soothsayers are the fashion. They add life and entertainment to the dance. Crooked politicians, as Mr. Johnson will testify, are not foreign to American soil. In fact, they find it eminently suited to their purposes. For although the "great American public" resents the mocking success of the speculator, it still reflects Jimmy Rolf.

Hypocrites are misfits in this day of "being natural." Yet the fact that most of us are hypocritical is the burden of the refrain that runs through Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." In all probability, though Modern America would be too "broad-minded" to condemn the majority of its "individualist" populace to everlasting torment.

He who appropriates other people's property is not branded as a thief, but merely suffers from kleptomania, or some other maladjustment; while evil counselors are not nearly so shunned by society as their gullible victims. The modern American would "rather be a sinner than a sap any day."

Lovers of scandal are common at our bridge tables, and belong to our best circles, acting as an auxiliary to our newspapers. Schismatics are more common in America than members of the Roman Catholic faith, while the adherents of the latter will probably become fewer, with the growing need of birth control.

Imposters, whether social-climbers or racketeers, earn admiration for their cleverness. To "get by" is to succeed in America.

"Poor cousins" are so common that blood no longer counts for what it did formerly. Instinctive love of parents no longer exists. Nor does America consider it a matter of righteous duty to be loyal to one's family. Blood has grown thinner than water.

Dante, however, in his day of nationalism, would find ample support for his condemnation of a traitor to his country. Modern America, rather than condemn the traitor, may consider the betrayed a fool, whether he be kinsman, friend, or benefactor, but if a man betrays his country he is indeed lost. Although the individual must look out for himself in this day of "rugged individualism," yet the speculator and traitor to his country still earns resentment for outwitting the great mind of the people.

How far I am right in these surmises I must leave to your judgment, but certainly the ethical doctrines of Dante and of twentieth century America are very widely separated. Yet this should not mean that the vitality, comprehensiveness, and exquisite beauty of "The Divine Comedy" need be lost to modern readers. However, if whole-hearted belief in the ethical doctrines of Dante were possible, and could produce any of the power, fervor, or inspiration that was his, I should be an ardent advocate of turning prodigal and returning home to the Father.

—MARGUERITE BEACH



King Cole's Court (A. T.)*

By JULIA E. STRAUSS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

JUST WE.....	The Seniors
KING COLE.....	Virginia Dangler
MARY-WHO-HAD-THE-LITTLE-LAMB.....	Mary Hurd
JACK.....	Lucy-Jane Hedberg
JILL.....	Mary Lauer
JACK HORNER.....	Helen Searle
MISS MUFFET.....	Katherine Thompson
MOTHER GOOSE.....	Barbara Cobb

*After Technocracy.



King Cole's Court - - A. T. (After Technocracy)

or

THE SENIORS' NIGHTMARE

(The Prologue and Epilogue are spoken simply. As we speak, we step before the curtain.)

PROLOGUE

A Fantasy is but a dream, no more.
And like all dreams, it chops and stews, and pours
Our thoughts into a dish of which 'tis best
To give no mind at all—for oft we find
'Tis wise to ask not how that wondrous soup
Is made—(since what we know not, cannot harm).
The soup which we will give you now to taste
Is made of dreams which we have had of late.
And, strange enough, we dream of things which are



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No longer ours. They are but memories
Of days we knew when we were very young.
And in our dreams they rise as if they meant
To play with us again. We reach for them
But just within our grasp, they slip away.
Oh, can't you see, we're stranded on the isle
Of growing up, and what is there to do?
We speak to Humpty, but he laughs at us:
"Find the king's horses now," he cries aloud.
But there are none about. And now a voice
Exclaims anew: "They said, did they, that when
You'd older grown, you'd see the mystery
That makes us great? Oh no,—go say to them
That happiness will never, never be.
For we are made of finer things than you
Can see. You've stepped too far beneath us now,—
No, not beyond,—that word **TECHNOCRACY**
Has separated you from elfin things;
You think in terms of things that are;—but we
Are not. Ah, don't you wish that you had not
Grown up, and ne'er heard of Technocracy?"
The voice has stopped. We look around dismay'd.
What does it mean? Have we now really lost
The things that once meant everything to us?
Don't look so sad, we beg, 'tis but a dream
You know, and we must just pretend awhile.
The game is this: You've fallen sound asleep.
Come dream with us in a fantastic realm.
But, pray, a moment 'ere you fall asleep,—
Remember, 'tis but jest,—but Fantasy.

(The curtain now draws apart, and we see, on a brightly lighted stage, King Cole alone, seated on a golden throne. He is reading the January issue of Harper's Magazine, which contains an article on Technocracy, from which he occasionally quotes, only, of course, in a "Nurs'ry" version.)

As the curtains draw apart, we hear strains of the familiar old tune, off stage, of "Old King Cole." The King is deeply engrossed in his article. From time to time he nods his head in approval.)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his fiddlers three.

KING COLE:

There's no denying that this is too good—
With all this energy what could I do?
(Reads.) "A crisis in the nursery's at hand.
It stands midst wondrous opportunity
For nurs'ry benefit and nurs'ry peace,
And for destruction of what makes them **THEM**"

The Cupola



- (*Looks up.*) Of course, I am the ruler it is true.
(*Knowingly.*) Yet they will come to like it, so will I.
(*Reads.*) "What energy, what energy abounds
What masses of great wealth for each of us.
If we but measure it in ergs and joules."
(*Looking up.*) In ergs and joules indeed, what ugly words;
And yet no doubt they mean something quite nice—
Ice cream or peppermint all pink and white—
I'd like a lot of that. It sounds so good.
(*Perplexed.*) But what's to do with all the timely clocks?
How will they know what is a kilowatt
If they were made when minutes did the work.
And now let's concentrate on Hot Cross Buns—
(*Thinking.*) To buy with pennies will be out of style.
(*Idea occurs.*) I'll have the bun machine installed tonight,
And get old Humpty Dumpty here at dawn
To see how many buns he'll eat at once.
(*Slowly and calculatingly.*) I'll then divide the number right in half
Add fifty-six and multiply by four.
The answer, which of course I shall forget,
Will be the just amount of buns for each
(*Sadly.*) But, oh, those lovely pennies gone to waste.
(*Music off stage—Song.*)
Hot Cross Buns—
One a penny buns—
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot Cross Buns.
(*The King continues reading—soon he becomes impatient, and as if he were searching for something.*)
A pencil now is what I really want;
As yet there's no machine to bring it me.
(*Sighs.*) 'Tis seldom though that I do feel like work.
(*Decidedly.*) There's lots of this I'll change and rectify,
There's sure to be some trouble on the start.
(*Enter MARY-WHO-HAD-THE-LITTLE-LAMB.*)
(*Music off stage.*) Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow.

And ev'rywhere that Mary went
Mary went, Mary went,
And ev'rywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day
School one day, school one day
It followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule.



The Cupola

KING COLE (*to Mary*):

Now what is wrong? Why look so woebegone?

MARY (*disconsolately and sadly*):

I've lost my lamb. It goes to school alone.
So I don't have to go. There's nothing left
To learn, I know it all. Yes, everything.
My lamb electrified does all the work
I just stay here and wait for him to come.
He's loaded full of knowledge, then returns,
I press a switch and he recites my prayers,
And tells me books I've read, and plots of plays,
And people that I ought to know, but don't,
'Cause he's electrified and does the work.
(*Sighs and pauses.*) Just think! He used to follow me to school!

KING COLE:

There, there! Don't feel so sad, for what was once
No longer is. Follow your little lamb.
(*Mary sits on the floor very unhappy.*)
A little music now would suit me well.

(*The King is, on the other hand, very happy. He smiles, nods his head in approval, and motions with his hands as if he were keeping time to the music. Mary is puzzled. She is trying very hard to hear also. Finally she turns to him.*)

MARY:

How strange, I do not hear a single sound.

KING COLE:

Of course it's strange, my dear, I've quite forgot
That you do not hear things the same as I.
And would you like to know the reason why?
I simply *know* so well my fiddles three
Will play if but I *wish* it hard enough.
Machinery of which the three are made
Will play so much, much longer through the day
Than did my fiddlers three who *used* to play.

MARY:

I do not see how wishing can do that.

KING COLE:

The fiddles *know* so well what they must do.
They've squeaked and squawked since first my reign began.
(*Impatiently.*) It's technical, it's technical, my dear—
You could not understand it if you would.

MARY:

But are you happy now you're technical?

KING COLE:

How quaintly and old-fashionedly you think.

(*A great deal of noise and commotion is heard off stage.*)

But why this dreadful noise in time of peace?

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(To the music of "Jack and Jill" trip-in these two.)

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

JACK:

That was an awful fall we took.

JILL (*crying*):

It hurts

(To Jack.) You're always falling down, that's nothing new.

JACK:

I don't mind falling down. It's done so much
I just don't want the hills to go away,
The hills to fetch a pail of water from.
The latest is they're taking them away,
So we won't have to scamper up and down.

(Music off stage.)

(Slowly enters the familiar figure of Little Jack Horner, to his tune. He is very shy.)

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plumb,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

JACK (*to Jill as Horner enters*):

I heard it said Jack's lost his Christmas pie.
Right now they're trying to find ways and means
So all of us can have a piece of pie—
Yet meanwhile, Jack has only got a plate.

(Horner says nothing, but sits in the corner. He is simpering, and looking at his thumb which he continues to hold up.)

(Music off stage.)

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating some curds and whey,
There came a great spider
And sat down beside her,
And frighten'd Miss Muffet away.

(To these strains, Miss Muffet, running in with little steps, spies a spider hanging from the ceiling, which falls to the floor. She is very frightened—but Mother Goose enters, and the commotion is lessened.)

MOTHER GOOSE:

Well, well. I surely thought this noise would cease
Before you entered here. Hello there, King!
You'd best beware lest you should lose your crown.
The substance which the new machine has used
To make it shine, may also make it slip!
How would you then approve Technocracy?



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KING COLE:

I'll thank you, Goose, to leave my crown alone.
That new machine I will put out of work.
(*Angrily.*) But still I do not understand the noise.

MOTHER GOOSE:

Oh dear, I thought I'd brought them up so well.
Indeed, I thought I had. There's not a day
That passes that I do not make them say:
"Her voice was ever sweet and low, an ex—"

JACK HORNER:

But we are boys—

JACK (*shyly*):

At least we're boys tonight.

MISS MUFFET:

I think I don't like boys so very well,
They are not made of things as nice as we.

(*Music off stage.*) "Natural History."

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails and puppy-dog's tails,
And that are little boys made of.

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that's nice,
And that are little girls made of.

(*At the conclusion of the song, Jack creeps up to Horner and snatches from him his plate.*)

HORNER:

He took my plate. I want that plate for pie
If I should ever get it back again,—

(*On hearing this, the King claps his hands, at which there is silence.*)

KING COLE:

If you want IT as much as you want IT,
Then can it matter much who gets that IT?

MARY (*shyly*):

Perhaps they could divide the plate in half.

MOTHER GOOSE:

My children, does this get you anywhere?

JILL:

Excuse me, please, but must we always try
To get somewhere? If we could stay just where
We are, we should not have to tumble down.

(*Jack rubs his head, and looks appealingly at Mother Goose.*)

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MISS MUFFET:

What shall I do? What's there for me to do?
My lovely tuffet's gone and disappeared.

MARY:

Oh dear, oh dear, Miss Muffet's tuffet's gone!
I don't know why, but everything seems wrong.
And do you know what's happened to Bo-Peep?
She cannot lose her sheep now if she would.
Someone's just made a new machine by which
They'll never lose themselves e'en should they try.
Which means Bo-Peep no longer is Bo-Peep,
'Cause she can neither lose nor find her sheep.

KING COLE:

And you'd stop progress just because of that?

MISS MUFFET:

Well, that's not all. I'll tell you something more—
I heard the Black Sheep say he now has got
Some wool which promises to last for aye—
But he does not want wool which lasts for aye,
Since he so quickly tires and wants some new.

JACK:

And, too, he's covered up with cellophane
In order that his wool may keep quite fresh.

KING COLE:

Well, I declare, I never heard such talk.
Cannot you see we're living in an age
In which we must have that Technocracy?

JACK HORNER:

I do not like the sound Technocracy.
I'd rather have a name just twice as long.

JILL (*knowingly*):

'Twas Shakespeare said to Beatrice: "A rose
By any other name would fade as soon."

KING COLE:

Roses won't fade when we are Technocrats!

JACK HORNER:

We want the rose to fade just as of yore,
'Cause think of all the million poems that go:
"To a Dead Rose, Only a Dead, Dead Rose."

MOTHER GOOSE:

Jack Horner, you are silly as can be.

(*Mary begins to sob, which causes Mother Goose to say:*)

You're silly too, Great Heavens, don't be sad
I'm sure I don't know what it's all about,
But things will be quite easy from now on.



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JACK (*rubbing his head*):

I s'pose I'll come to like it in the end.

(*Mary stands up with great dignity and feeling, and says to Mother Goose.*)

MARY:

Oh, don't you understand that you're the one
Who's lost? What are you now? You're just a name,
Nor you nor we can have Technocracy
Until there is a means for halting—age.

(*Music off stage*):

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
When she awoke, 'twas all a joke—
Ah! cruel vision so fleeting.

(*The curtains draw together slowly, and at the conclusion of song, We appear once more.*)

WE:

Why, WE were speaking then as Mary talked—
'Tis strange how our own thoughts will speak in dreams.
But need we now say any more at all?
Our friends will never be as once they were
In happy, young, pre-technocratic days.
No, now we all must eat Jack Horner's pie—
Or else we all may find we'll starve to death—
Which is the thing we really ought to do,—
Since Fantasies must stop when we're awake!

CURTAIN

—JULIA STRAUSS



Envoi

SENIOR CLASS POEM OF 1933

Long has he listened to the April tunes
That winds have whispered to him as he played;
To hear the flowing melodies that hum
In early Spring has been his only care.
But now, strange chords are added to his song
New harmonies with rich and vibrant tones
That summer with its thicker foliage brings
Unto his ears, awakened to their charms.

This the new world has opened up to him,
Such wondrous sounds of which he's never dreamt.
For he has found the secret of these joys
That only he who conquers self may know.
Yet all the while the guardian at his side,
With strong, protecting wings awaits command
To fly where music reaches beauteous sounds.
For Pegasus may rise to glorious heights;
Our hero can but strive to follow him.

—JULIA STRAUSS



The Cupola

Class Prophecy of 1933

Time: 1948. *Place:* New York. *Hour:* Noon

Setting: A Private Home and a Public Telephone Booth

Characters: { BARBARA COBB
 { BARBARA BEAL

BARBARA BEAL: Just passing through, so I thought I'd call you. Why didn't you come down to the reunion? Give me one good reason.

BARBARA COBB: Husband wouldn't let me. He claims I gallivant all over the country, and no one does any saving in the family except himself. You know, the same old story.

BARBARA BEAL: Oh yes, I know.

BARBARA COBB: Well, what's everybody doing? Suppose everyone except me was back. I've had only a few glimpses of our classmates since we graduated. What ever has happened to the rest of them?

BARBARA BEAL: Well, Betty was class bride. You knew that, didn't you? She's just passed her bar-examination and has been admitted as a full-fledged lawyer now. Not so bad! Eh, what?

BARBARA COBB: Not at all. What's Mary Hurd doing? And Helen Searle? I've not heard a peep from either of them for years.

BARBARA BEAL: Mary Hurd is giving concerts on tour and, my dear, her latest assistant is Julie. Julie alternates her accompaniments for Mary with lectures of her own on "Life, and Its Real Meaning." You've probably taken one of those in. Oh, you haven't? And Helen is again going to run for Congress, or so I've heard. She wouldn't commit herself when I saw her.

BARBARA COBB: How about Sis? Did she ever settle down? What!!! Say it again, I can't believe it.

BARBARA BEAL: Yes, dear, settlement work in Chicago and New York. Well, she seems to be crazy about it! Luce and Kat drove down together. Luce was on her way to some big tennis match. She broke her finger and sprained an ankle in leaping out of the car. She was in such a hurry to get back. Kat is now quite the model housewife. Her twin boys are awfully cute. What's who doing?

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BARBARA COBB: Ginny. Did she go on the stage, or what did she do? Someone wrote me she was acting in English movies. Is that right?

BARBARA BEAL: Yes. After she was graduated, she traveled around staying over in England long enough to become terribly interested in their motion pictures. She is planning to come to America soon, according to some magazine that I picked up the other day.

BARBARA COBB: And what about Kate Thompson? She went abroad right after graduation.

BARBARA BEAL: I've sort of forgotten. Maybe she did. Anyway, now she runs a store where she sells hand-knitted garments. Margie Street owns a little tea-house in the woods near Winetka. Wait 'til you hear what Mary Lauer does!

BARBARA COBB: What? I can't imagine. Dancing? Painting? What?

BARBARA BEAL: Singing over the radio! Her husband is terribly displeased about it, so she said.

BARBARA COBB: Sounds more like my husband. How are Mari and all your nieces and nephews?

BARBARA BEAL: Oh, they're all fine and sent lots of love. I'm going down to visit them next month, I think.

BARBARA COBB: Have we missed anyone? Oh yes, Doris! I know she's abroad because I saw photographs of her lovely Italian villa in the last issue of *Vogue*.

BARBARA BEAL: Yes, Doris has lived abroad ever since her marriage, but she managed to tear herself away long enough to come and join us for our fifteenth reunion.

BARBARA COBB: Fifteenth! Heaven, it doesn't seem possible, does it? It was only the other day that we were struggling over our Senior Essays. Oh, dear, Time does fly!

BARBARA BEAL: I'm sure I've been talking almost fifteen minutes. I see a string a mile long waiting outside to pile in here. They all look very annoyed. Perhaps I had better give someone else a chance at the telephone. Listen, why don't you come in and have luncheon with me? Oh, about one or one-thirty at—any place you say. All right, we can decide that later. Good-bye.

—BARBARA BEAL



Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1933

(*Seminarii Montis Vernonis*)

KNOW all men by these presents, that we, the Class of 1933 of Mount Vernon Seminary, being of sound and disposing mind, and being about to depart the life of the school into we know not what other spheres of tasks and troubles, do, of our own free will, to wit and without durance or compulsion, make, decree and publish this our last will and testament.

Item 1.

To our M. V. S. of the shaded cloisters we will a butler with a few grains of intelligence.

Item 2.

To Miss Cole, because we love her, we give a pair of long, thick, woolly stockings to sport in inclement weather.

Item 3.

To the Juniors, we donate a large pamphlet on "How to Fag and How to Fag."

Item 4.

To Miss Agnes De Lano, we will all our vapidty of thought and all our looseness of sentence structure.

Item 5.

We would like to say in passing that we hand over to Mr. Lloyd a collection of small bits of chalk to keep him "always intensely amused."

Item 6.

To Miss Spaulding we bequeath a pass to the corner drug-store for dessert after she gets rid of the heavy-weights.

Item 7.

To the Infirmary, we bequeath our dilapidated waste-baskets and our sturdy door-stops just to keep that good, old, home-like atmosphere.

Item 8.

To Mrs. Murphy, we reluctantly relinquish our autographed copy of "Design for Living."

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Item 9.

To Miss Herriott, now that she has a license, we lovingly will a booklet on "How to Drive" in six short lessons.

Item 10.

To Jane Harder and Renata Ingraham, in the kindness of our hearts, we leave a pair of ultra-thick blinders to put on Mrs. MacAllister when she comes to inspect.

Item 11.

To various members of the school at large, as tokens of our never-ceasing affection and esteem,

First—Sis Beach leaves her calling-list to the school family for the furthering of our "Proms."

Second—Lucy-Jane Hedburg wills her poise and dignity to Mary Morton Granger.

Third—Marjorie Street sorrowfully gives up her place at the diet table to Dusty Wilken.

Fourth—Ginny Dangler concedes her savoir-faire on the stage at all times to Jo Burrow.

Fifth—Barbara Smith Cobb leaves her authority in the Dramatic Workshop to one Barbara Sincerbeaux, with a request to treat it gently, as it is so sensitive.

Sixth—Kat Thompson bequeathes her bubbling personality and her fondness for playing the radio in study hour to Martha Nuenschwander.

Seventh—Barbara Beal blesses Miss Agnes De Lano with her superficiality, also a wee place in the corner of a pleasure-loving world.

Eighth—Helen Searle renders her sweet, low, grave tones and her languorous mid-western accent to Epsie Dallis, our "lil' gal from Go'gia."

Ninth—Kate Thompson inflicts her capability and self-sufficiency on Peggy Hilliard, feeling sure she has left it where it will be well taken care of.

Tenth—Julie Strauss endows her beloved room-mate, Di Hearne, with a tiny lamp not to be easily spotted by Miss Blakslee's bright eyes.

Eleventh—Doris Masters wills the Hockey Field a tablet dedicated to those miserable wretches who could not keep training.

Twelfth—Mari Duval wills her happy-go-lucky, sunny disposition and her merry ways to Margaret Hecht.

Thirteenth—Betty Field hands over her public to Mary-Ellen Field, just to keep up the tradition next year.

Fourteenth—Mary Hurd leaves each member of the faculty an autographed copy of "The Bird With the Broken Wing."

Fifteenth—Mary Lauer leaves with tears in her eyes her once-shabby yellow duck to the tender mercy of Frances Witte.

Know ye that as time goes on we are becoming weaker and weaker; we, the Senior Class, do herewith proclaim the above as our last will, and in witness thereof I set my hand and seal this twenty-first day of March, 1933.

—BARBARA BEAL





Milestones

Between May, 1932, and May, 1933

1932

- May 27* —School Day. Lucile Donaldson reads her "Ballad for Angie." Other poems are read—some original and some not. We hear the school records, and the certificates, athletic honors, and cups are awarded. Helen Searle gets the Citizenship cup. The afternoon is a delightful tea at Gatesley, and an excellent recital at night.
- May 28* —It's Alumnae Day, and we hold the arches of daisies. There's tea at the Elizabeth Somers.
- May 29* —Doctor Woolfall gives the Baccalaureate Service. We sing our class songs in Great Hall, and weep when the Seniors sing "Farewell."
- May 30* —We are transported into Pinero's "Enchanted Cottage," wherein we spend delightful hours watching and listening to Gertrude Smith, Katherine Cable, Barbara Beal, Cornie Lewthwaite, Betty Uhl, Mary Adair Howell, Julia Strauss, and others. What darling children from the Village!
- May 31* —The Seniors' Class Day. As they read their poem, prophecy, history, will and testament, we realize that this is the last time they will perform as a class. Then come Class Luncheons and the very delightful Treble Clef Concert.
- June 1* —Dr. Roberts of Goucher College gives the Commencement address. How tearful we all feel! Good-bye, Class of '32!
- June* — "Peace and rest at length have come
All the day's long toil is past;
And each heart is whispering,
Home, home, at last!"
- July* —"For now I am in a holiday humor." And we think of school but "Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut."
- August* —The same.
- September* — "If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work." So on—
- September 26*—The Seniors of 1933 arrive in time for dinner. What an odd feeling!
- September 27*—We try to make the New Girls feel like the Old Girls. The Seniors sing their songs in Great Hall, after which Miss Cole talks with the old Girls.
- September 28*—With everyone here we start right in to see ourselves as others see us through intelligence tests, physical tests, and various tryouts. There is a tea at Field House and our first assembly in the Gymnasium.
- September 29*—Chapel and classes already running on schedule. The evening brings the time-hallowed explanation of the Handbook.
- September 30* —The New Girls are off to Mount Vernon. May their wishes at the Rose Bush all come true!



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- October 1* —Play Day. The fun in trying to find the Faculty! We do hope Miss Herriott got her daughter enrolled. Luncheon at the Shelter. The Old Girls formally greet the New Girls at Field House, where the White Class puts on an entertainment, and we all revel in cider and doughnuts.
- October 2* —Doctor Harris is our first Chapel speaker of the year.
- October 3* —The break of day sees the commencement of hectic hours for the "Candidates" who are the slaves of these tyrants—the Seniors.
- October 6* —The Candidates are full-fledged Juniors, and their good-sportsmanship is celebrated with food and noise in Senior Room.
- October 8* —We see Eva La Gallienne as Julie in "Lilliom" with Joseph Schildkraut. A hearty "Welcome" is the cordial greeting of the Seniors, who are the hostesses of the evening and entertain in their charmingly-decorated rooms, with refreshments and gold fish.
- October 11* —All the luck in the world to you, Helen! We'll stand by our leader to the best of our ability.
- October 12* —They have boarding schools in China too. We are shown pictures by Mrs. Wallace.
- October 14* —The fourteen old members of Optima meet for the first time this year.
- October 15* —Who'll ever forget "The Good Earth"?
The Juniors present themselves in vaudeville. Are we to understand that these were the "rules and regulations of 1952"? Wait till we send our children!
- October 16* —It is the Reverend Woolfall's last Sunday with us. We are sorry. In the evening we install our class officers and council. Miss Winston at the piano delights us with her beautiful playing.
- October 19* —We learn of the Democratic Party—from Mrs. Meredith.
- October 22* —The New Girls see the autumn foliage in Rock Creek Park.
- October 23* —We hear a plea for the Community Chest and realize a little better the seriousness of the distress in the world around us.
- October 24* —Welcome back, Miss Hastings!
- October 26* —Lucy Jane swallows a fish-bone. Where did the "hard" cider at Tea House go? Another taste of politics with a speaker from the Republican Party.
- October 29* —Ghosts and witches and pumpkins at Field House. It's Hallowe'en! Anne Idema, Barbara Clute, and Diana Hearne shine especially. Miss Jean and Miss Elliott dance beautifully. Two amazons give an equestrian exhibition. But that operatic performance! It leaves Gilbert and Sullivan and George Kaufman in the background.
- November 2* —Are we all turning Socialists? Or is it just the influence of that speaker?
- November 4* —The Juniors enjoy "The Storm" at the Freer. The New Girls see the Congressional Library. Our Socialists give a charity party, with food and entertainment. We think it quite a Utopia.

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- November 5* — Felicitations to M. V. S. on its fifty-eighth birthday! May it see many more! There is the usual M. V. S. Society meeting, and a lecture by Colonel Dodge of Mount Vernon. And then we blew out the candles of that Cake, and Zimmer cut that Cake. And we ate that Cake. Another Founder's Day is over.
- November 6* — Miss Cole reads poetry by W. W. Gibson. Again we pause a moment to reflect on the "submerged tenth."
- November 7* — What happens at Faculty Meetings—really?
- November 8* — We're Socialists! That worthy party sweeps M. V. S. by a large majority. We wonder what Mr. Roosevelt would think. We wonder what Mr. Lloyd *does* think.
- November 11* — It's fifteen years ago that the guns ceased firing. In fifteen minutes Mr. Lloyd makes the meaning of Armistice something to be remembered by us all.
- November 12* — Lend-A-Hand gives a fashion show. We didn't realize that there were so many beautiful clothes—beautifully worn.
- November 13* — Again we are privileged to hear Miss Winston play.
- November 15* — Our histrionic schoolmates give "Helena's Husband" and "Enter, the Hero." Kreisler thrills us.
- November 19* — A talking picture at M. V. S.? Yes—Will Rogers in "Business and Pleasure."
- November 22* — So they were "little rogues" themselves, were they? It's hard to believe. Imagine the Faculty as infants! Well, we saw their pictures.
- November 23* — Mr. Nourse tells us what money is and where it went. Now we know. Christmas is coming. It's here, according to the sale at Field Shop.
- November 24* — It's "Turkey-and-Cranberry-Sauce" day! A hockey-game after chapel, the poor Teddy Bear is slain—Mr. Turkey (not the one that we met at dinner). After the feast, we dance.
- November 27* — A sleep-over,—because so many are on week-ends.
- November 30* — Lucy-Jane sprains her finger. Barby Beal almost sprains her ankle. A gold-fish slips down the drain, but its life is saved. The members of Miss Blakeslee's table, in motley, entertain Miss Cole at dinner.
- December 1* — We did hear that during the dress rehearsal of the third act of the Collegiate Play, some of the actresses developed an appetite.
- December 3* — At the Book Exhibit we couldn't help thinking how much better text books would be with those Pop pictures. Broadway isn't so far from us after all. "Hay Fever" decides that. Whom should we applaud the most?—Noel Coward? Miss Herriott? Barbara Beal? Everyone of the Collegiates in it?
- December 4* — The music students are the center of attention at a charming recital.
- December 6* — Has education progressed? Ask Dr. MacCracken of Vassar College.
- December 7* — Mrs. Howard comes again for Current Events. The Collegiates start on the Road to Power—May they "out-Herod Herod."



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- December 9* — Cheer practices for the Madeira game. The Collegiates are still trying to be powerful. California leaves for Home.
- December 10* — Power and Pep are crushed under a snow storm. No Madeira hockey game.
- December 11* — "Angels We Have Heard On High" brings Christmas closer. Our little neighbors of the Children's Village come to the Carol service. How lovely the star in the cedar, seen through the great window!
- December 12* — Chaliapin's great, isn't he? At dinner, the Seniors throw down the glove, anticipating the approaching Battle of Wits.
- December 13* — How beautiful even a trunk can be! "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" keeps "the spirit of Christmas down deep in our hearts." Good old Santa Claus again comes down the chimney with presents for our guests who speak their pieces, and enjoy "Eager Heart."
- December 14* — We learn of the trend of the times from our distinguished neighbor, David Lawrence.
We clutch tightly our tickets home.
- December 15* — The Seniors, at dawn, bid us Joyeux Noel, to be re-echoed shortly by the whistle of the train.
- December 16* — "Mid pleasures and palaces, there's no place like home"—

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- January 4* — "Once more unto the breach, dear friends"—
- January 7* — The Battle of Ingenuity is on—Tensely we await the subject. It is "East is East and West is West and Never the Twain Shall Meet." The Juniors interpret it with a cabaret scene. The Seniors parody Mr. Kipling's verses, in episodes featuring tourists in the East. We are all looking forward to being chaperoned by Miss Cobb.
- January 10* — We visit the Bi-Centennial exhibition of modern painting at the Corcoran Art Gallery.
- January 11* — Mrs. Howard talks in Chapel. So much Technocracy!
- January 14* — Lend-A-Hand again. This time it's a cabaret. We dress up in our earrings, 'n'everything.
- January 15* — We hear about Quiet Hours from the representatives of the Oxford Movement.
- January 16* — We hear Rachmaninoff, and marvel at the power of his playing.
- January 18* — We hear from Mr. Felix Morley that the world IS changing. From Mr. Clayton Hamilton we find out all about Mr. Browning, Mr. Hampden, and Caponsacchi.
- January 20* — We are all breathless over Lynn Fontanne's yellow negligée in "Design for Living."
- January 20* — Aren't the Don Cossaks glorious?
- January 21* — Some of Mrs. Rice's pupils read for us. We all especially enjoy "The Minuet."

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- January 25* —Children do need guidance. We listen to Miss Paulsen.
- January 27* —We meet Caponsacchi.
- January 28* —“To Be or Not to Be.” The Juniors carry off the honors with apologies to Mr. Shakespeare, and the Seniors are delightful with their Technocratic “King Cole’s Court.”
- January 29* —Miss Herriott tells about “Green Pastures,” and Barbara Cobb reads “The Creation,” by James Weldon Johnson.
- January 31* —The Boston Symphony thrills us once more.
- February 1* —Drama again! This time it’s “Taxi,” Lady Gregory’s “The Gaol Gate,” and Tchekov’s “Marriage Proposal.”
- February 4* —“Of Thee I Sing, Baby”—
- February 10* —Francis Nash, a concert pianist of renown, whom we proudly claim as a former Mount Vernon Seminary student, plays for us beautifully in Chapel. Our annual reception follows. A thoroughly delightful affair.
- February 11* —Lucy-Jane sprains her ankle.
A great day indeed—with a tea-dance in the afternoon and the “Prom” at night. A good orchestra both times. We consider the “Prom” a success!
- February 12* —Miss Rita Baker plays for us. We seldom have a chance to hear the cello as a solo instrument.
- February 13* —Miss Cole leaves for her western trip, followed by a hearty “Bon Voyage” from all who are left behind.
- February 15* —We hear of the Child Labor Bureau from Mrs. Beyer.
- February 18* —We wish “de Lawd” would “pass a miracle” so we could see “Green Pastures” all over again. The Juniors win the song-contest. Why do the Seniors wear blue ribbons on their sleeves?
- February 19* —Miss De Lano reads about Botticelli’s love for Simonetta, in “Earthwork Out of Tuscany” by Maurice Hewlett.
- February 22* —We hear of Miss Temple’s hobby—wallpaper.
- February 23* —The week-end is long.
- February 26* —. . . but it isn’t long enough? Mrs. Rice reads to us.
- February 28* —The last of the Philadelphia concert series.
- March 1* —The Collegiates work at the Congressional Library.
- March 3* —Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett, Zimbalist, and the National Symphony thrill a brilliant audience at the Inaugural Concert.
- March 4* —We leave early to hear Roosevelt’s address at the grandstand. Our seats are almost opposite the reviewing stand, so we have a good view of the parade. We watch the Fireworks at night.
- March 5* —Miss Winston plays as delightfully as ever.
- March 7* —Toscanini conducts the New York Philharmonic.



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- March 8* —“Rosalind” on “A Sunny Morning”! The Dramatic Workshop present the works of Barrie and the Brothers Quintero.
- March 10* —Seven Collegiates are initiated into Optima.
- March 11* —Three cheers for M. V. S.! The score’s 33-29 in the Madeira game.
- March 12* —“The Valiant never taste of death but once,” reads Miss Herriott.
- March 15* —The products of cellulose are many indeed. Dr. Howe shows them to us.
- March 17* —The members of the Black and Blue team meet the members of the Yellow and White team. We get some pointers on how to make good baskets.
- March 18* —We are deeply moved by “Cavalcade.” The Yellow and White classes present the most charming “Romantic Lady” of Sierra. The apparition stole everyone’s heart.
- March 19* —Mr. Torovsky plays the Wedding March. Again our musical students show their skill.
- March 22* —“The Spring is here
And with it comes a thirst to be away.”
- April 1* —“And short retirement wages sweet return.”
- April 5* —We’re glad you’re back, Miss Cole.
- April 6* —The Forms are working on projects.
- April 7* —Fish would find themselves quite at home swimming with us in a “New Deal.”
- April 8* —“A banquet fit for a king” is given by the Athletic Association Board. Dancing follows.
- April 11* —To-day CUPOLA goes to press. We have not reached our final Milestone. Could we but see what lies on the other side of the curtain that separates To-day from To-morrow, we might be able to fill in the next few pages. There will be thrilling and full days, fitting into the scheme of a year. The Optima Banquet will be held, the council will hold its annual meeting, the Seniors will read their best essays, the Junior-Senior banquet will mark the beginning of the end, and from then on, time will fly until the thirty-first of May, when after those Last-Days of School, we shall sing again that “Time has come when we must sing our farewell song.” Then we shall bid “au revoir” but not “good-bye” to Mount Vernon Seminary, which will watch over us as we go along our ways.



DRAMATICS



The Cupola



Hay Fever

by

NOEL COWARD

The Cast

<i>Judith Bliss</i>	BARBARA BEAL
<i>David Bliss</i>	VIRGINIA DANGLER
<i>Sorel Bliss</i>	DORIS KIMBALL
<i>Simon Bliss</i>	JOSEPHINE BURROW
<i>Myra Arundel</i>	FRANCES WITTE
<i>Richard Greatham</i>	JULIA JENCKS
<i>Jackie Coryton</i>	MARTHE NEUENSCHWANDER
<i>Sandy Tyrell</i>	LUCY-JANE HEDBERG
<i>Clara</i>	BARBARA COBB



The Romantic Young Lady

by

G. MARTINEZ SIERRA

The Cast

<i>Rosario</i>	BETTY ROGERS
<i>Dona Barbarita</i>	MARGARET HECHT
<i>Maria Pepa</i>	LINDSEY POPE
<i>Irene</i>	KATHLEEN MCCAREY
<i>Amalia</i>	FREDERICA GALBRAITH
<i>The Apparition</i>	MARDI BURNHAM
<i>Emilio</i>	ELLIS SPRECKLES
<i>Mario</i>	ANNE BENTON
<i>Pepe</i>	JEAN KELLOGG
<i>Don Juan</i>	ROSE MODISETTE
<i>Guillermo</i>	EULA COUNCIL



Permanent Addresses

THE STAFF

JEAN DEAN COLE.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
GEORGE LLOYD.....3700 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.
HELEN C. HASTINGS.....9 Corey Road, Brookline, Massachusetts
KATHARINE E. HILL....308 North Fourth Street, Steubenville, Ohio
CATHERINE S. BLAKESLEE. 759 Chestnut St., Springfield, Massachusetts
GRACE BROUSE.....1673 Columbia Road, Washington, D.C.

ANNIE M. BAYLIS.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
MARY PITMAN BROWN.....72 Pleasant Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts
GRACE E. CARROLL.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
AGNES DE LANO.....3700 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.
MARION DE LANO.....3700 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.
HELEN D. ELLIOTT.....3700 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.
REBEKAH ELTING.....610 Salem Avenue, Elizabeth, New Jersey
NELL ENDERS.....4404 Seventh Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
CLARA W. FORMAN.....Roland Park, Baltimore, Maryland
J. LORNA GUARD.....Gatesley, 3701 Nebraska Avenue, Washington, D.C.
MILDRED HANNA.....217 P. Street, Auburn, Nebraska
FRANCES HERRIOTT.....524 E. 52nd St., New York City, New York
ELIZABETH ALGER HILLYAR.....The Holly Tree, Fairfax, Virginia
ROWENA M. HOLDREN.....207 Sacra Via, Marietta, Ohio
ALICA B. HOPKINS.....7217 Blair Road, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C.
CORINNE LEINO.....106 E. Harvey Street, Ely, Minnesota
GEORGE LLOYD.....3700 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.
OLWEN LLOYD.....3700 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D.C.
CHARLOTTE G. McALLISTER.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
LOUISA J. MARTIN.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
JEANNE MOULE DE LA RAITRIE.....Schuyler Arms, Washington, D.C.
NETTA C. MURPHEY.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
HELEN KINGSBURY MYERS.....3133 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.
MARY A. NOURSE.....Devonshire Courts, Washington, D.C.
ADELA K. PAYNE.....E. 2153 California Street, Washington, D.C.
JEANNETTE PEARSON.....Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
ELEANORE PELTIER.....3 Rue Marbeau, Paris, France
DR. DANIEL W. PRENTISS.....5425 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.

The Cupola



ELSA LOUISE RANER.....	1430 Belmont Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
JANE FLUMMER RICE.....	413 Cumberland Avenue, Somerset, Maryland
ROBERT H. RICE.....	413 Cumberland Avenue, Somerset, Maryland
ALYS M. RICKETT.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
KATHERINE RIGGS.....	1837 Kalorama Road, Washington, D.C.
MIRIAM L. SPAULDING.....	Mount Vernon Seminary, Washington, D.C.
ADOLF TOROVSKY, JR.....	2800 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.
HARRIET BELLE WALKER.....	Kennedy-Warren Apts., 3133 Conn. Ave., Washington, D.C.
ELIZABETH WINSTON.....	1812 K. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

STUDENT BODY

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.....	Witchwood Place, Lake Forest, Illinois
MARJORIE BAKER.....	404 Orleans Avenue, Keokuk, Iowa
MARGUERITE BEACH.....	110 Aikenside Road, Riverside, Illinois
BARBARA BEAL.....	1571 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
MARY JO BEATTIE.....	Latta Road, Charlotte Station, Rochester, New York
ANNE BENTON.....	93 Crofut Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts
ELEANOR BISSELL.....	Lakewood, Plymouth Road, Grand Rapids, Michigan
IMOGENE BLISS.....	1827 Idlewood Avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio
MURIEL BLOCK.....	Colonial Heights, Tuckahoe, New York
PATRICIA BORN.....	955 Sheridan Road, Glencoe, Illinois
MARDI BURNHAM.....	Burnham Place and Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois
FRANCES BURROW.....	802 Buchanan Street, Topeka, Kansas
JOSEPHINE BURROW.....	802 Buchanan Street, Topeka, Kansas
ANNIE CAMPBELL.....	2601 Hillsboro Road, Nashville, Tennessee
MARIAM CANNON.....	P. O. Box 416, Concord, North Carolina
DOROTHY CHAPIN.....	240 South Goodman Street, Rochester, New York
JEAN CLARK.....	90 Riverside Drive, Binghamton, New York
BARBARA CLUTE.....	"Idlewild," Watkins Glen, New York
BARBARA COBB.....	151 Rumford Avenue, Mansfield, Massachusetts
EULA COUNCIL.....	223 South Lee Street, Americus, Georgia
CAROLINE CRANE.....	"Morning Face," Richmond, Massachusetts
EPSIE DALLIS.....	3656 Peachtree Road, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia
VIRGINIA DANGLER.....	2942 Fontenay Road, Cleveland, Ohio
BETTY COVODE DAVIS.....	3808 Jenifer Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
MARY DAVIS.....	3808 Jenifer Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.
VIRGINIA DAVIS.....	701 North E. Street, Tacoma, Washington, D.C.
ELIZABETH DECKER.....	68 Orchard Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island
DOROTHY DEXTER.....	460 Fountain Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan
MARY WILSON DICKEY.....	522 Washington Street, Watertown, New York
FRANCES DODGE.....	Rochester, Michigan



The Cupola

SHIRLEY DOVE.....	Louisville, Colorado
MARION DUVAL.....	60 Greenacres Avenue, Scarsdale, New York
JEAN EVATT.....	345 Buckminster Road, Brookline, Massachusetts
EDITH FERGUSON.....	R. F. D. No. 2, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania
BETTY FIELD.....	57 Highland Road, Rye, New York
MARY-ELLEN FIELD.....	6007 Windemere Road, Seattle, Washington
PATRICIA FOWLER.....	90 Middlesex Road, Buffalo, New York
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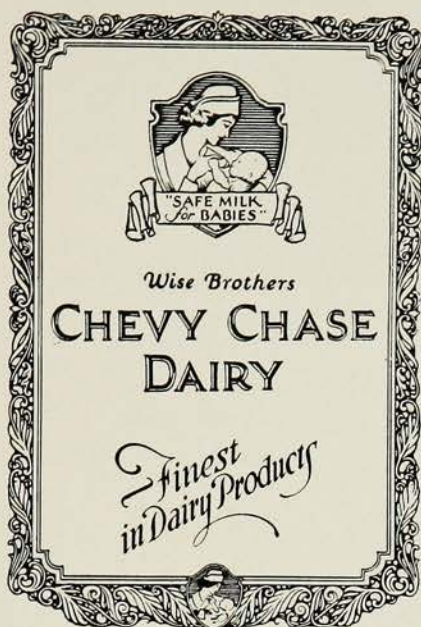
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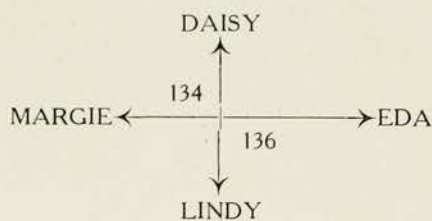
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'Member the name "Jaggie"?

Let's go to Princeton?

Luddy

May day

I'll miss the good times
we've had together, but there'll
be lots more next year as
juniors, isn't it?

Lots of love,

Betty.

To a peach of a girl
- Love "Luddy"

Dear Mary -

It's been grand having
you and I hope I'll see you
often in the future. I hope I'll see "Jaggie"
out to the ranch - you know
I'll see you whenever I'm
down to see you - much love & love -

1911. No more over. Maybe I'll be back next year.
Maybe he'll be my friend a lot. And
I am doing my best to help you.
I don't have to tell you now and
you have heard it before (no year, do?)

Don't forget me -
I'll be back soon -
I'll be back soon -
I'll be back soon -



